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QUORUMS, THE YOUNG MEN'S
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The Other Wise Man

A story is told of Four Wise Men
Who traveled their King to find:—
The Three set forth at an eager pace,
But in heeding the prayer on a dying face,
The Fourth was left behind.

The Three, ere long, came to Bethlehem
And worshiped with bated breath;
But years dragged by ere the great reward,
The other's longing to see his Lord,
Was granted at last—by death.

And today, as of yore, through the haunts of men,
Runs a ceaseless, unerring tide,
Bearing some on its crest to their cherished goals,
But out as it ebbs, taking weary souls
With yearning unsatisfied.

The student, whose feet seek the hallowed paths
And halls the Old Masters knew,
Who has gathered enough by denial for years
But gives, at the plea of a friend in tears,
It all, and his life's dream, too;

The school teacher out on the farthest frontier,
Who is tired of life in the wild,
And knows if he lingers his chances are lost,
But year after year is held at his post
By the need of the backwood's child;

The eldest girl in a family of nine,
With a longing she scarce can suppress,
Who silently, tenderly plays her part
And locks her desire in her aching heart
And smiles, that none may guess;

The farmer lad, who dreams of fame
And life in the city fair,
Who *knows* he has strength in himself to win,
But sticks to the plow and the feeding-bin
Because he is needed there;

And the Mothers, the wide world over,
Who labor as best they can
To accomplish the tedious tasks of the earth
That their children may fully enjoy life's mirth;—
Are all kin to the Other Wise Man.

And so, as we sit round the glowing hearth,
On this holiest Eve of the year,
And see in the flames the dear shepherds of old,
And the Three Wise Men with their myrrh and gold,
All those who look closely, the Fourth may behold,
And rejoice that he, too, is near.

RUTH B. MUSSER.



Right to left, President Anthony W. Ivins, and Elder Richard R. Lyman of the Council of the Twelve. Taken in the yard of the mission home in Honolulu, August 4, 1924, on their recent visit to the Hawaiian Territory.

IMPROVEMENT ERA

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A VISIT TO HAWAII

The Land of Flowers, Sunshine, and Unbounded Hospitality

BY RICHARD R. LYMAN, OF THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE, AND
FIRST ASSISTANT SUPERINTENDENT OF THE Y. M. M. I. A.

It is no wonder that our missionaries from "the islands" all have a love for that land and all desire to return to it, for Hawaii is the land of music, sunshine, flowers and friendships. Its people extend a hospitality that can be understood only by those who have had the pleasure of enjoying it.

These islands are like a cluster of rich jewels set far out on the shining Pacific—two thousand miles from the United States—the nearest neighbor. They are of volcanic origin. The mountains of black rock form a rich background for their heavy covering of tropical verdure which is such that, at a distance, the trees and delicate ferns look like rich, clean moss, on an equally clean stone foundation.

Those in the party which left Salt Lake City, July 7, 1924, were President A. W. Ivins, his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Snow Ivins, their daughter Fulvia, Miss Bae Williams, daughter of Mr. W. N. and Mrs. Clarissa Smith Williams, the writer and his wife, Mrs. Amy Brown Lyman.

A group of California relatives and friends were at the dock in San Francisco to provide us with flowers, tell us good-bye and wish us good luck on our sea journey. Before the sixth and last day of our journey came and we realized that we were but one-third the distance across this great ocean, we saw the humor in the words of a sight seeing guide in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, who said, "Ladies and gentlemen, the body of water before you is the Pacific Ocean, said to be the largest body of water on the Pacific Coast."

The outstanding feature of our trip going came Sunday when President Ivins, on invitation of Captain Charles Peterson of our

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steamship *Matsonia*, delivered an address on what I shall call "The Divine Authenticity of the Bible." This address was a clean-cut, wise, and, to my mind, unanswerable appeal to those who have no faith in the contents of this sacred book. On this occasion President Ivins received another rich reward for the life time he has devoted to a careful study of the Bible and of the world's history.

Day after day we sailed along on the blue of the great Pacific. We were approximately five miles above the surface of the earth, or otherwise stated, we were at an elevation above ground nearly twice as great as the greatest elevation yet reached by any flying machine.

Early on the morning of the sixth day we caught our first glimpse



Elder Henry J. Dehaun, President E. J. Neff, Elder Walter N. Steffens, Elder Wm. W. McCune, Elizabeth Snow Ivins, President A. W. Ivins, Fulvia Ivins, Bae Williams, Elder Richard R. Lyman, Vilate Romney Ivins, Amy Brown Lyman, Hawaiian kids and girls. Roadside, Kona, Hawaii.

of the Hawaiian beach with its beautiful fringe of cocoanut trees. A little way from the shore the land rises abruptly. The first sight of the rich verdure is thrilling. Soon our boat glided by the promontory Diamond Head, and the City of Honolulu came in sight.

Among the small group who came out in a launch to meet the steamer were President Eugene J. Neff, of the Hawaiian mission, and Manager Antoine R. Ivins of the Laie Sugar Plantation. At once these friends took us and our affairs in hand, so that all the members of our party had to do was to watch with ever-increasing amazement and pleasure the way in which visitors to this island are received. The

celebrated Royal Hawaiian Band, as is its custom, was there furnishing its enchanting music while we were greeted by a host of relatives, missionaries and other friends who in their enthusiasm almost buried us in beautiful Hawaiian leis or wreaths. It was while laden with these numerous expressions of affection that the members of our party were brought together in a group and photographed by a representative of one of Honolulu's daily papers.

By automobile we were given a ride about this interesting city, and were taken to the mission home where Mrs. Neff and a fine dinner awaited us.

That same afternoon we were driven to Laie where we had our first view of the temple, in its setting of tropical splendor. It stands out in that far-away land of beauty like a specially polished diamond surrounded by a cluster of other rich jewels. Artists are thrilled by the beauty of this scene. Church members look upon it with grateful admiration.

We had heard so much of the temple and its surroundings that we were anticipating the unusual beauties of this sacred spot, but I think no member of the party anticipated the thrill that came at the *Pali*. The Pali is the pass or summit between Honolulu and Laie. We were told that Pali means the god of wind. If so this is an appropriate name, for the wind at the top of this precipice, twelve hundred feet high, is certainly severe, and it is said to continue without ceasing.

From this point the view presented of the black volcanic mountains on the extreme left, the blue Pacific with its white caps on the extreme right, with tropical vegetation, the yellowish green of the cane fields, the gray of the pineapple areas, and the streaks of brilliantly red soil between, present, as one author has said, "one of the most unexpected and amazingly beautiful views in all the world."

In the early evening of the day on which we came to Laie we had our first introduction to a great Hawaiian *luau*. If you yourself have not seen one of these great Hawaiian feasts you can hardly imagine how much food these good people put on a table.

The recreation hall was filled with tables and the tables were filled with food. As we entered we were all lavishly decorated again by Hawaiian girls, with brilliant leis as the music played a welcome. All seats, but those reserved for our party, were already filled. Over the front of the building in beautiful letters, worked out with brilliant flowers, was the word *Aloha*. The word and the leis were expressions of the love and welcome of the people. *Aloha* means love, welcome, or farewell.

For every plate at this great feast was a large bowl full of *poi*. Poi looks like the "big white gravy" of pioneer days. If it had been gravy each individual had enough for the average family. It hardly seems possible that one person could eat so much poi, even if no other food had been provided. The poi, however, was merely a side dish.

Well, that banquet! The meat, it seemed, was beef and pork combined. It had been cooked with hot rocks underground in what appeared to be large corn husks, but I think they are island *tī* leaves. We also had fish and chicken, Irish potatoes, and sweet potatoes, and bread and butter and dessert. The lemonade had a color as brilliant as the landscape and the flowers. The musical program was continued on the lawn after the feast was over. The music outside was furnished and directed mostly by "Prince Lealini," a Hawaiian with a princely appearance and a most remarkable voice.

Near Laie we visited one of the great sugar factories of the islands and learned from Mr. Peck, chief chemist, who was in charge, that there is not even a chemical difference between cane sugar and beet sugar. He insists that sugar is sugar, and that no chemist by any known analysis can find any difference between that which is made from the beet and that which comes from cane. He says either can be made with any desired degree of fineness.

Honolulu and Laie are on opposite sides of the island of Oahu. From Oahu we went by steamer in a southeasterly direction to the island of Hawaii, the largest of the group on which the city of Hilo and the volcano Kilauea are located.

Missionaries and Saints, and other friends, a host of them, met us in a rain storm at Hilo. It has to be a heavy rain in the islands to be called anything more than "liquid sunshine." The "liquid sunshine" may come and go half a dozen times in a single day. It is perhaps this frequent spray or sprinkling that keeps the country everywhere clean and green and beautiful. In any event the rather heavy rain falling in Hilo did not seem to dampen in the least degree the welcome we received.

When the sun began to shine a discussion arose concerning the directions in Hilo. Some said one direction was north while others insisted that it was another. Some tried to tell the directions by using the shadows and a watch, others examined the trees, like boy scouts, asserting that the heaviest moss always grows on the north side. We had all noticed, too, and had discussed the fact that at noon there was no shadow either pointing north or pointing south. But, and I am ashamed to acknowledge it, it had not occurred to any of us that where the shadow is zero at noon, all shadows at other hours point either east or west—one way in the afternoon and the other in the morning. (Be sure, if you tell this to any boy scout "to tell him not to tell.")

The trip from Hilo south, thirty-one miles along the east shore of the island of Hawaii to Kilauea, which is said to be the greatest volcano in the world, was full of interest. The road, much of it paved, is a good one. The trees and brush and shrubs and ferns form a foliage on either side so dense that walking or climbing through it would seem to be impossible.

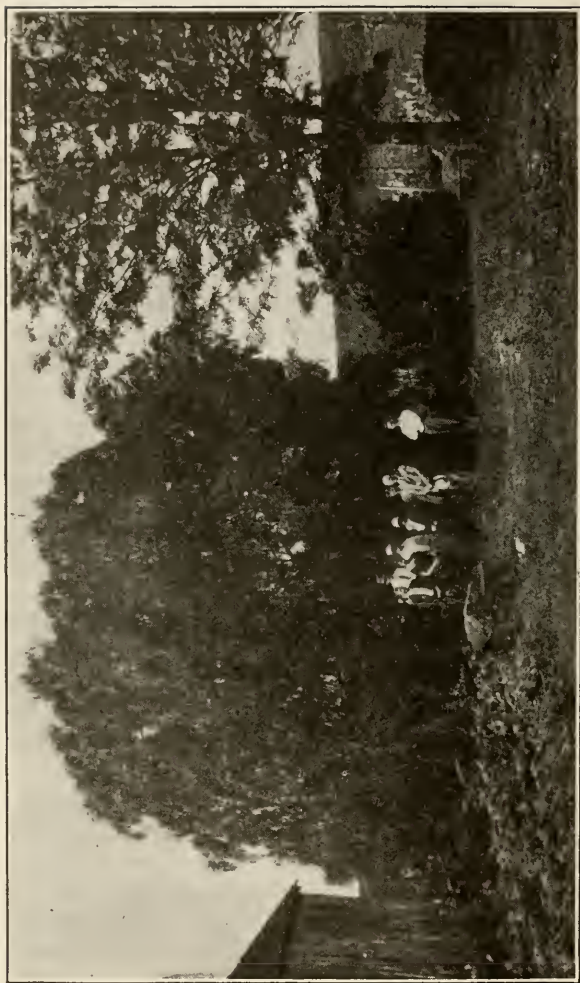
Our first sight of the volcano was the great cloud of steam that was escaping from the crater. Underneath all of this volcanic country there is, I presume, a great net work of "lava tubes" or channels through which lava, under tremendous pressure, has moved from one place to another as sausage moves through a sausage grinder. Our party walked four hundred feet through one of these lava tubes. It is probably thirty feet in diameter. If it were straight this gigantic tube might be compared with the barrel of a cannon. The darkness in it, both ends being far below the general surface of the country, is as black as ink.

It was after dinner, and in the darkness, that we drove some seven miles from the Volcano House, which is located north of the rim, around the east side of the great crater to the point on the south of it from which, most conveniently and satisfactorily, the boiling sea of molten rock can be seen. The great furnace had been quiet for weeks. As if for our personal benefit, and just three days before our arrival, the grand old operator put on this glorious exhibition. The volcano was hot, boiling and beautiful. It was said that some of the lava in the bottom of the gigantic crater was being thrown to an elevation of three hundred feet and that the stream of red molten rock we could see moving was probably thirty feet wide. The whole performance was so far below us that it was difficult to estimate distances. Looking into this great crater was like looking into the white heat of a furnace filled with molten metal.

For a long time later in the evening we sat on the porch of the volcano house, two miles in an air line from the volcano, and looked at the steam from all those acres as it rose from the fire slowly and moved upward all aglow with the bright red reflection of the molten rock. Like the expanse of the universe with its millions of stars this great phenomenon of nature fills man with wonder, fear, and admiration for the creative power divine that makes all this possible.

The ride west and then north from the volcano on around the island is through and over numberless lava flows. The tremendous extent of some of these and the newness of others (one as late as 1921) surprised and thrilled us. We could only imagine what tremendous commotion was created when these great flows of molten rock, miles wide, ran into the ocean. That day we traveled 150 miles, most of the road being over lava beds or through those in which heavy cuts have been made to build the road.

That night, July 24, brought us to Kamuela, headquarters of the famous Parker ranch. Under the direction of Mr. A. W. Parker, manager of the ranch, we were shown dairy barns, and pasture lands and pure bred horses and cattle "on the range" equal to stall animals here. There green grass grows and animals feed on it three hundred and sixty-five days in the year. Where there is winter, animals get



TREE MARKING THE PLACE WHERE THE FIRST BAPTISM IN
HAWAII TOOK PLACE.

Left to right: Pia Cockett, Richard R. Lyman, Fulvia Ivins, Vilate Ivins, Bae Williams, Elder Kenneth Robbins, President A. W. Ivins, President E. J. Neff. This large tree marks the place where the first baptism in Hawaii was performed by the late President George Q. Cannon.

a set-back. The perpetual summer of the islands certainly produces phenomenal horses, cattle and sheep.

Mr. Parker gave an elaborate banquet in his palatial ocountry home to all the members of our party. He appears to have a special fondness for and interest in our missionary boys. All of those in the neighborhood were invited. It made a group of seventeen. We enjoyed the feast of wild turkey and other delicious delicacies.

We went next to the island of Maui. The good-bye at Hilo, like that a Maui later, can never be forgotten by those on board. Multitudes came to say farewell. Loaded with decorations we waved from the steamer while those on shore sang and waved. The song *Aloha* grew dimmer and dimmer as did the waving hats and handkerchiefs. A few minutes and neither could be distinguished. Thus the sweet, never-to-be-forgotten good-bye had ended.

We landed at Lahaina on the island of Maui. Here as elsewhere, we found royal friends to entertain us. We were taken around the island through a country of beauty to Wailuku. Mutual Improvement and other officers, Church and State, entertained and cared for us. Among these was Pia Cocket, county assessor, and John Ferreira, legislator. Twenty-five were seated at the fine *luau* given by the legislator.

While the landscape on Maui, trees, flowers, mountains and ocean, are beautiful and all full of interest, the spot most sacred, the place of greatest interest to us is where the late President George Q. Cannon, in 1851, performed the first baptism in the islands. His labors here began in December, 1850. The large pepper tree which marks the spot is slightly behind, and a little to one side of the meetinghouse at Pulehe.

President Ivins and I were invited to speak at the meeting of a troop of boy scouts. It was gratifying to see the excellence of their work. Later at Laie President Ivins with his fine scout spirit, offered a silver coin to a Japanese boy scout if he would climb the tall, slender cocoanut tree nearby. The tree was about sixty feet high with a diameter of eight or ten inches. From the ground to the umbrella-shaped top there was no limb against which to lean, there was no protection on which to stand and rest. He put the bottoms of his bare feet on opposite sides of the tree and up he went in leaps like a frog. The sixty-feet of climb completed, he reached far out to a large cocoanut and continued to tug at it until it was broken loose and came crashing to the ground. The feat was performed so splendidly that President Ivins gave the boy double the amount promised.

If space would permit I would present here the names of all the missionaries in the islands. They numbered sixty-four. They are fine workers giving wonderful service and getting an equally wonderful experience. It would be a pleasure, too, to give here the names of the great host of Saints and friends who entertained us, but time and

space will not permit. Think of Saints who have for thirty years continuously entertained the elders. A rich blessing is surely in store for all such.

I must mention the banquet given in our honor by Henry Aki. He is a full-blooded Chinaman who is an excellent Church worker. He told us how when a boy he worked ninety days for ninety dollars. At the end of the time he had the whole ninety dollars and with it he started in the restaurant business. During the war he bought property, real estate, for \$10,000 and constructed a building on it for \$6,000. The stock, equipment, land and building together have cost him more than \$30,000. His wife, half Chinese and half Hawaiian, has been, he says, a real helper all the time. The articles in the *Era*, especially those by Dr. George H. Brimhall, he says, have been his greatest inspiration. This splendid man stands ready, he says, to preach the gospel in his native land or elsewhere if the Church authorities desire to have him do it.

Another outstanding feature of our trip was the Hawaiian feast, or *luau*, given by Elder James L. W. McQuire and his charming wife. Seventy-five were seated at one long table in the dining room of their spacious and palatial old time mansion. The dining room is 38 feet long, 21 feet wide and 12 feet high, while the great reception room across the whole front of the building is 60 feet long, 35 feet wide, and 20 feet high. The house was profusely decorated with ferns and flowers of splendid varieties. He has many large glass cases filled with rare and valuable Hawaiian relics and curios. This splendid man and his wife who was educated in Germany are effective assistants in the Church. The husband, who was once private secretary to the late queen, is a pronounced success as a missionary among his own people.

I congratulate the Church upon having Antoine R. Ivins in charge of its plantation in the islands. He is a man who, by training, experience, and natural ability, is unusually well qualified to do his work. He has been educated in the Juarez Academy law school, in the City of Mexico, the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor, and the Utah Agricultural College. He was graduated from the University of Utah with the class of 1909. Since childhood, too, he has had experience in agricultural work and stock raising. As manager of the Church plantation he has ample opportunity to use all his training and all his experience. The splendid condition of the plantation tells more forcefully than any words how efficient he is as a manager. He has the affairs of the plantation in hand in a masterly way. Under such able leadership it is sure to succeed. His wife, Vilate Romney Ivins, is also an efficient worker in the Church organizations in Laie, as well as one of the leading lady workers in the temple.

As mission president, Elder Eugene J. Neff is a pronounced success. He is a man of unusual vision. He has at home managed

his affairs with marked success, and he is managing the affairs of the mission in the same way. The splendid way in which he had all our trips planned is evidence of his planning ability and efficient leadership. In her place in the mission home Mrs. Louie Chamberlain Neff gains the affections of everyone. She is a calm, wise and effective worker. To all the missionaries she is a real mother.

Mrs. Elizabeth Snow Ivins, worthy daughter of her pioneer father, Erastus Snow, and Mrs. Amy Brown Lyman, worthy daughter of her pioneer father, John Brown, both rendered excellent service in teaching lessons of health, religion, and cleanliness to Relief Society



Kauai conference, August 4, 1924, left to right: Ernest A. Nelson, Fred E. Lunt, O. Leroy Sanders, outgoing conference president; President Anthony W. Ivins, Elder Richard R. Lyman, President Eugene J. Neff, president Hawaiian mission; Albert W. Elvin, Stanley F. Scholes, incoming conference president; Donald McCormick, president Oahu conference.

workers. The infant death rate of more than 300 per 1000 births among the natives and the fact that the number of deaths among them is 60 per cent greater than the births, are reasons why these topics were discussed.

When as a young man George Q. Cannon began his religious work among these people, and when Joseph F. Smith at the age of fifteen began preaching to them, who had vision enough to see the fine religious condition ahead that prevails in the islands today? The native population is some 36,000—roughly one-third of these are members of the Church.

These people try to be real Saints. They are full of faith. They pay their tithes and their offerings. Their sick are healed. They honor their leaders. They take pride and delight in discharging religious duties.

Everywhere we found our places of worship filled with the faithful Saints and their friends. They were patient and attentive listeners. All were aglow with delight when President Ivins spoke to them representing the Presidency of the Church. When he, a member of the First Presidency, left his blessing with the people, they were deeply touched and greatly built up in faith.

These faithful Saints had waited a long time to have the chapel at Honolulu dedicated. It was dear to all of them, elders and Saints, because, into its construction had gone not only their money, but their very selves, great numbers having contributed liberally of their time and effort.

At last President Ivins had come to dedicate the building, to appeal to our heavenly Father for blessings to come to those who had given; for the house to be made truly sacred, for the Spirit of the Lord to abide in it always; for those who worship in it to have their faith built up; for the young people who come under its roof to be preserved by divine power from all evil; for these young people to be brought up religiously, in the sacred house, that they will bring great honor and credit to their parents, the Church and their native land.

Anticipation stirred the people so profoundly that on Saturday before the dedication the Relief Society conference filled the building to its capacity. Many had to stand also at the priesthood meeting, Sunday morning.

Sunday afternoon finally arrived. From north, south, east and west the people came until even the yard surrounding the building had in it a multitude of people. The preparations for this dedicatory service had been under way so long that they were well nigh perfect.

The appeal in the dedicatory prayer of President Ivins was clear-cut, simple, beautifully forceful, and impressive. To the excellent prayer were added numerous selections by the well-trained Hawaiian choir. Like the prayer, one anthem sung without instrumental accompaniment, stirred within all present profound religious emotions.

All the members of the party were deeply indebted to President Ivins for his splendid company and leadership. His life-long devotion to study has prepared him well to answer questions whether they pertain to doctrine, history or the laws of nature. He made friends of every one, whether on the train, in the steamer, among the missionaries, among the Saints, or among strangers.

The elaborateness of the farewell party that was given in our honor on the spacious lawn, near the mission home, I shall not attempt to describe in detail. I must say, however, that the Hawaiian Royal Band was there in full white uniform, a most interesting program of music and songs and speeches was rendered. Once more dancing and singing to splendid Hawaiian music, native maidens representing the various islands of the group, loaded us with *leis* both

brilliant and numerous. The swaying of the tropical trees, the electric lights, and the moon, all combined to make a most beautiful setting for the last great farewell, the final singing of *Aloha Oe*.

Only tears and heart throbs can express the intensity of this and the final parting next day at the ocean's edge. It was a brilliant climax of songs, flowers, presents and tears, to the receptions and entertainments which began with great enthusiasm and continued to increase in intensity and splendor to the last. God bless the land Hawaii and with all its people and all their friends.



Jap planter, wife, (baby inside tent)



President A. W. Ivins. Pineapple fields.
Laie, Oahu

A Sonnet

Above the lofty pinnacles of snow,
How broad and vast the blue ethereal cope
Extends its borders to the distant slope
Where sky and earth merge in the rim below!
Of such great views, as here before me rise,
My eyes are powerless to grasp the scope;
Sublime, the distances in grandeur ope
A sense of feeling that transcends surprise—
The feeling that inspired fair Sappho's heart
Mid seas and mountains of her Grecian home;
Or Petrarch won amid the peers of Rome
Crowned with the laurel of poetic art.
Here heaven opens wide domains unknown,
And faith through inspiration gains a throne.

Albuquerque, N. M.

JOSEPH LONGKING TOWNSEND

"THE WATERS TESTIFY"

BY DR. JOHN A. WIDTSOE, OF THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE

Consideration has been given, recently, to the possibility of constructing, with the aid of the United States Bureau of Reclamation, irrigation works to reclaim, or to irrigate more completely, the lands in the Great Salt Lake Basin. The study has confirmed from yet another view the remarkable inspiration that led the Latter-day Saints to settle in the valleys of the Rocky Mountains.

It is well known that the Prophet Joseph Smith, several years before his death, looked toward the Rocky Mountains as a place of peaceful settlement for his people. The prophecy of 1842, declaring that the Latter-day Saints would go to the Rocky Mountains and there become a mighty people, is ample evidence of the purpose of the Saints to migrate westward. The prophet's associates testify that he frequently spoke of the valleys of the West as a harbor of peace and safety for his people. Brigham Young declared:

"In the days of Joseph, we have sat many hours at a time conversing about this very country. Joseph has often said, 'If I were only in the Rocky Mountains with a hundred faithful men, I would then be happy, and ask no odds of mobocrats.'" (*Journal of Discourses*, 11:16.)

However, at that time, the West was still an unexplored wilderness, known chiefly from the highly imaginative and inaccurate reports of trappers and fur-traders. Methods of communication were slow and toilsome. News traveled by tortuous roads. The interior of Africa is as well known today as the Great West was in the days of the Prophet Joseph Smith. Yet, the leaders were firmly convinced that the destiny of their people would lead them into the great Western wilderness, and that they would there become a mighty people.

When at last the forced exodus from Nauvoo, Illinois, began, which resulted in the settlement by the shore of the Great Salt Lake, the people, or at least the leaders, were as well informed as could be from available sources, concerning the great West. They were intelligent people, and did things in an intelligent and orderly manner. Nevertheless, even with the knowledge that they had picked up, the West was as a hidden country. They were going, they knew not where. Brigham Young said:

"Seven years ago today, about eleven o'clock, I crossed the Mississippi River, with my brethren, for this place, not knowing at that time, whither we were going, but firmly believing that the Lord had in reserve for us a good place in the mountains, and that he would lead us directly to it. It is but seven years since we left Nauvoo, and we are now ready to build another temple. I look back upon our labors with pleasure."—(*Journal of Discourses* 1:279.). "They assassinated Joseph Smith, and

they drove us into the mountains, where, as they said, 'the land is sterile and good for nothing,' and where the Indians would kill us, as they believed with all their hearts. They said and believed this, and prophesied day and night that the 'Mormons' were going, and would be starved to death or killed by Indians. We came here naked and barefoot; do you think that I shall ask any aid from them, when we are ready to go back? No. We brought our provisions, when we came here, to last us until we raised more. We brought our few farming implements, our seed grain, wives, and children, with comparative nakedness and poverty as to this world's goods. My wives took skins and made moccasins to wear."—(*Journal of Discourses* 8:230.)

The knowledge of the West won by trappers, traders and explorers had not established any confidence in the Western country for purposes of settlement. The Pacific seaboard seemed to be fertile, with a congenial climate, but the intermountain country appeared sterile of soil, harsh of climate, and repelling as an abiding place for man. The leaders of the people realized all this, and Brigham Young at one time volunteered an explanation of the settlement of an apparently inhospitable place:

"I cannot help being here. We might have gone to Vancouver's Island; and if we had, we should probably have been driven away or used up before this time. But here we are in the valleys of the mountains, where the Lord directed me to lead the people. The brethren who are in foreign countries desire to gather to the gathering-place of the Saints, and they have for the present to come to Great Salt Lake City. They cannot help that. Why did we not go to San Francisco? Because the Lord told me not: 'For there are lions in the way, and they will devour the lambs, if you take them there.' Why, instead of being merchants, instead of going to St. Louis to buy goods we can go down to our Dixie land, the southern part of our Territory, and raise cotton and manufacture goods for ourselves."—(*Journal of Discourses* 9:105.)

President Young always declared that divine, not human, wisdom had led him and the people to the valley of the Great Salt Lake.

When the pioneers were near to the Great Salt Lake valley, they were warned against the unfruitful nature of the country which they intended to occupy. Col. James Bridger met the pioneer company near the Little Sandy. The Colonel had scouted, trapped, and traded among the Rocky Mountains since about 1824. No person was better posted in Western lore. This veteran pleaded with Brigham Young not to settle in the Great Salt Lake Valley, for he feared that food for the people could not be produced there. He pointed out other more favorable locations for settlement. Let Brigham Young tell a part of the story:

"Until the Latter-day Saints came here, not a person among all the mountaineers and those who had traveled here, so far as we could learn, believed that an ear of corn would ripen in these valleys. We know that corn and wheat produce abundantly here, and we know that we have an excellent region wherein to raise cattle, horses, and every other kind of domestic animal that we need. We also knew this when we came here thirteen

years ago this summer. Bridger said to me: 'Mr. Young, I would give a thousand dollars, if I knew that an ear of corn could be ripened in these mountains. I have been here twenty years, and have tried it in vain, over and over again.' I told him if he would wait a year or two we would show him what could be done. A man named Wells, living with Miles Goodyear, where now is Ogden City, had a few beans growing, and carried water from the river in a pail to irrigate them."—(*Journal of Discourses* 8:288.)

In the face of such disheartening reports, President Young, guided as he declared by inspiration, settled in the very place against which he had been warned. His faith was sublime:

"Sixteen years ago, when we were camped upon this temple block, I told the people that there existed, in the elements around us in these mountain regions, wheat, corn, rye, oats, barley, flax, hemp, silk and every element for producing the necessary articles used by man for food, raiment and shelter. We breathe it in the atmosphere, drink it in the water, dig it when we dig in the earth, and walk over it when we walk. Here are the elements for every cereal, vegetable and fruit, and for every textile material that grows in the same latitude and altitude in any part of the world. No country in the world will yield more and a greater variety of the products of life than will portions of this mountain country."—(*Journal of Discourses* 10:201.)

Every word in this prophecy has been fulfilled. The climate has been found healthful, and the soil among the most productive in the world.

From the first, irrigation was resorted to as a means of supplying crops with water. This had been foreseen, for the rainless summers of the West had been reported by the travelers over the Western deserts. The fame of the "Mormon" pioneers, as the founders and builders of modern irrigation, has spread over the earth. Looking backward, in 1847, it seems that the greatest chance that the pioneers took, was after all on the water supply. If there were not enough water in the streams, the area of development would be small. Irrigation was known to be necessary in the West; the volume of the water supply was not known; it was conceded that in the Salt Lake Valley the streams were small.

In view of all this, the recent study of the proposed Great Salt Lake Basin irrigation project is a remarkable confirmation of the wisdom of the unseen Power that guided the Latter-day Saints into the Great Salt Lake Valley, and impelled them to settle there. The proposed Great Salt Lake Basin irrigation project extends from the north end of Cache valley to the south end of Utah valley, and includes the irrigable lands of the ten following counties: Cache, Box Elder, Weber, Davis, Salt Lake, Utah, Tooele, Wasatch, Summit and Morgan. In the lower seven counties there are 897,097 acres of irrigable land, of which 44% or 389,697 acres are not irrigated. The first concern of the project is of course the water supply. Records of the stream-flow into these valleys have been kept for many years by the U. S. Geological Survey. When these were tabulated it was

shown that ample water flows into Cache Valley and the higher lying valleys to irrigate all the irrigable lands of these valleys. This was expected. It was, however, something of a surprise to find that the water that flows annually into the lower lying valleys, from Collinston, Box Elder county, to Payson, Utah county, is sufficient, could it be conserved for use on the land, to irrigate all the irrigable land to a depth of 4.4 feet, or about twice as much as is needed under a perfected system of irrigation. The valleys in which Brigham Young established the first settlements of his people, in opposition to the best worldly wisdom of the day, not only have been shown to possess climate and soil to permit the growth of all the ordinary crops, but also a water supply, which, if properly conserved, will irrigate all of the irrigable lands and leave a surplus to be taken some day into more distant places, now considered as hopelessly barren. President Young seems to have realized this for he said:

"I do not know that I have prayed for rain since I have been in these valleys until this year, during which I believe that I have prayed two or three times for rain, and then with a faint heart, for there is plenty of water flowing down these canyons in crystal streams as pure as the breezes of Zion, and it is our business to use them."—(*Journal of Discourses* 3:331.)

The problem of the proposed irrigation project is to store the waters that now are wasted chiefly in flood season into the Great Salt Lake. The building of storage reservoirs to save the flood-waters and to hold the water of a wet year for use in a dry year will mark the next onward irrigation step of the place in which modern American irrigation began. This is not a new thought. The pioneers had the vision of the future. Brigham Young speaks again:

"If we had time, we should build several reservoirs to save the waters of City Creek, each one to contain enough for once irrigating one third of the city. If we had such reservoirs the whole of this city might be irrigated with water that now runs to waste. Even then we do not intend to cease our improvements, for we expect that part of the Weber will be brought to Hot Springs, there to meet the waters from the south and empty into Jordan. Then we contemplate that Bear River will be taken out at the gates to irrigate a rich and extensive region on its left bank, and also upon the other side to meet the waters of the Malad. We know not the end of our public labors and enterprises in this Territory, and we design performing them as fast as we can."—(*Journal of Discourses* 3:329-330.)

The question with respect to possible storage is an important one in the planning of the Great Salt Lake Basin project. Studies made by competent experts show that reservoirs now exist capable of storing 357,797 acre feet of water, and that there are reservoir sites sufficient to store another 945,290 acre feet, or a total of 1,303,087 acre feet. Moreover, and of equal importance, these valleys have two tremendous natural reservoirs in which water may be stored at low cost. The largest of these, Bear Lake, will undoubtedly be developed for irrigation purposes within a few years. The other, Utah Lake, which should be

developed at once, may by proper diking be made to store more than half a million acre feet of water, at a low cost; and at the same time several thousand acres of land now submerged may be reclaimed. The storage possibilities within the proposed project are ample for the needs of the lands, and furnish an additional evidence of the wisdom of the Power that guided the pioneers.

The geographical distribution of the water within the Great Salt Lake Basin furnishes an interesting and important problem for the builders of the proposed project. More water, proportionately, flows into the north than into the south end of the project. For example, the water flowing into Utah valley, if all conserved, would cover the irrigable lands of that valley to a depth of 2.6 feet, but some of that water is needed by Salt Lake and Tooele counties. Into Weber county, on the other hand, enough water flows to cover the irrigable lands to a depth of 8 feet. Clearly, therefore, a problem of the proposed project is to move the available water from the north to the south, so that a more uniform distribution of water may be secured for the lands. It is proposed to accomplish this by diverting water from the higher reaches of the Weber River, across Kamas bench, into the Provo River, and by carrying water from the mouth of the Weber by long canals southward into Davis county. Ultimately, therefore, the waters from Utah Lake will be brought northward, and from Weber River southward, to meet in Salt Lake City—thus the lands will be uniformly served. The lands north of Ogden will be served with water from the Bear River at Collinston or above, and from the Ogden River. These are not new ideas but the simple fulfilment of the vision of the pioneers. President Young said:

"The River Jordan will be brought out and made to flow through a substantial canal to Great Salt Lake City."—(*Journal of Discourses* 11:116.) "In behalf of the people that live here, and of more that would like to come here, had you more water, I will state that I am fully satisfied that a portion of Weber River can be brought above this place, and thousands of acres of good land rendered susceptible of cultivation.

"Davis county is the best county I know of for fruits and grain. Perhaps some who live in Salt Lake county may think differently, but in my opinion this is one of the best counties in the Territory for raising grain, and I would like to see the brethren bringing out the waters of Weber River. It will require a good deal of labor, but it does not require money. And if you do not get the water around the sand ridge the first year, you need not be discouraged, but continue the labor as you may be able, until the ditch is made wide enough and long enough, and sufficiently tight by a deposit of sediment or by puddling, to convey all the water that may be required. I think it can be brought around the sand ridge without a great deal of extra labor or expense."—(*Journal of Discourses* 10:307.)

The garden that may be made, when this project is completed, from Preston, Idaho, to Santaquin, Utah, and probably far beyond, will add greatly to the wealth of the people. It is estimated that on the basis of the present acre yield (\$62.80) the additional annual

value of the farm products under this project will be more than \$20,000,000. However, building upon our long experience, we shall improve our methods, and accomplish more than we can foresee today. The following wise counsel from Brigham Young, the founder of modern irrigation, embodies principles which must be applied in modern-day irrigation:

"When water is brought to the termination of the canal, which we can accomplish in a few days, I presume that the reservoirs on the line of work and those portions which are excavated in full will contain water enough to allow the people to irrigate when necessary, and thus do away with the practice of watering only two hours a week on a city lot, and much of that to be done at night. And that is not all, for by the time the water is fairly on a lot it is taken by the next person whose right it is to use it. And lots which have had thousands of dollars expended on them, and which would yield more than a thousand dollars worth of fruit and vegetables, could they be properly irrigated, are only allowed a small stream of water for two hours once a week, and at the same time an adjoining lot planted with corn, the hills six feet apart and one stalk in a hill, comparatively speaking, the balance of the ground covered with weeds, is allotted the same time and amount of water as the one on which fruit trees and other choice vegetation are worth thousands of dollars.

"There ought to be a reformation in the distribution of water. The man who will not raise five dollars worth of produce on his lot, has the same water privilege as the man who could raise a thousand dollars worth. For instance, Brother Staines gets the water for two hours a week, and what are his fruit trees worth? He could make his thousand dollars a year from them, if he were disposed to sell the fruit instead of giving it away, could he have a fair portion of water. I have a lot just below him well cultivated in fruit trees, a nursery, and choice vegetables, I also can only have the water on my lot for two hours in a week; when lots near by with little on them except weeds, get the same water privilege, and that, too, in the day time, while we have to use it in the night. Water masters ought to look to this matter, until they have arranged a more just distribution."—(*Journal of Discourses* 3: 328-329.)

The irrigation projects built by the government, have found difficulty in repaying the costs of construction. The Great Salt Lake Basin project stands out today as the most promising of all remaining irrigation projects in the West. There is no question about the possibility of making successful the project to be built upon the foundations laid by Brigham Young in the Great Salt Lake Basin.

Thus, even the waters testify to the divine guidance of the pioneers into the heart of the Great American Desert.

As a Watered Garden

"Hear the word of the Lord, O ye nations, and declare it in the isles afar off, and say, He that scattered Israel will gather him, and keep him, as a shepherd does his flock. * * * Therefore they shall come and sing in the height of Zion, and shall flow together to the goodness of the Lord, for wheat, and for wine, and for oil, and for the young of the flock and of the herd: and their soul shall be as a watered garden; and they shall not sorrow any more at all."—Jer. 31:10, 12.

AN EYE FOR AN EYE

BY IVY W. STONE

It was Christmas Eve, but Eric Larson had lost all count of holidays.

All day long he had faced drifting sleet, as the storm raced over the barren flats of Bone Dry Valley. All day long he had strained his eyes to follow the shifting trail. All day long the capricious flakes had crept down the collar of his sheepskin coat—had blinded his horse. And now, as the early twilight caught him on the last lap of his journey, Eric Larson had no thought of festivity. The lonely farm cabins which he passed brought no vision or bulging stockings. None of the weighted cedars suggested eager children, for Eric was bent on a mission of hate.

As he urged his pony toward the faint light which marked the upper end of the valley, the enormity of his grievance increased. A stranger had "jumped" his homestead, and hate of that individual had cankered his soul during four watchful years.

"Come on, Pershing, old boy," Eric coaxed his horse in a wheedling voice, as though urging a weary companion. He had given him freer reign, the road having disappeared in the shifting snowdrifts. "Ve bane dere soon. Dat von, lone light ve see is dat postoffice an' store."

Patiently, stoically, as if his intense hate were animate, Eric guided his horse across the desolate valley. He looked with indifference at the dark farm houses, almost obliterated in the snow mist. He did not even glance at the stark windmills, which loomed like sentinels over the log huts. With a precision that showed knowledge of his surroundings, he kept parallel to the section fences, fantastic with drifted thistles and snowcaps.

"You bane von gu' pony, Pershing," Eric patted his horse's neck affectionately. "You bane my gu' friend. I gif you oats at dat store ; I gif *you* oats to eet, while I buy someding deefereent for dat man Adams dat steal my farm. Ven I vas a leetle shaffer an' vent to church," he urged the horse up the little knoll to the brightly lighted store, "ven I vas leetle, dat Bible say someting 'bout *eyes fur eyes*, an' *teet fur teet*. I try dat on dese man Adams ter night, eh, Pershing?" He laughed mockingly, swung his huge frame from the heaving horse, and strode into the low, log building.

A bell on the door announced his entrance and a little, corpulent man, with round, bulging eyes and glistening head, turned reluctantly from an inner doorway.

"Howdy, stranger, howdy," he greeted genially, his gaze sweeping Eric's great bulk with admiration. "Nasty night fur travelin'."

He rubbed his hands briskly together, as Eric removed his coat and shook its snowy trimmings over the sputtering stove. "Real Christmas weather, eh, stranger?"

Eric's beetled brows drew together, and he looked suspiciously about the store. "I bane no stranger to dese parts," he answered, "yust bane takin' leetle wacation. Where's Meester Sims, vhat owns dese store?"

The little man laughed joyously and rubbed his palms again.

"That proves you *are* a stranger," he answered. "Mr Sims moved away two years ago. Rheumatics got the best of him. I bought him out—everything he had, store, dryfarm and all. My name's Wilson—Amos Wilson, from over Blue Ridge way. Now then, what'll it be Mr.——?"

"*Meester Stranger's* gu' 'nough," Eric was sullen from sudden suspicion of this garrulous person.

"All right, sir, anything to suit. What'll it be? Of course, I know beforehand the first thing on your list: Peanuts and candy!"

He waved a scoop toward a huge sack, whose limp folds testified to many sales. "Funny, what folks do to make Christmas for their kids. Been comin' in here all day. There's a feller provin' up over on Rocky Flat, if you're familiar with these parts, you know how far that is, a good seven miles——"

"Nigher eight dan seven." Eric's correction was only tinged with sociability.

"Well, I never like to oversay things." The bald head glistened as he moved briskly about. "He drove clear over here in a lumber wagon today to get Christmas fixin's. And he went without his tobacco to buy a churn for his wife. How many pounds of peanuts did you say?"

"I don't vant no peanuts." Eric's blue-black eyes glistened with slumbering anger. "I vant oats fur my pony. You gif him nose bag to eet vit, den I buy."

While Mr. Wilson attended to Pershing, Eric took cognizance of his surroundings. The store and its stock seemed unchanged. Wash tubs rubbed noses with gasoline lamps; overalls and jumpers shared the solitary showcase with ribbons and handkerchiefs. Lanterns and laprobes, whips and boots hung from the ceiling. Save for one large doll, whose waxen smile reminded Eric of his almost forgotten youth, the whole stock represented the necessary, rugged equipment of pioneering life. But woven in and out among the heterogeneous array were Christmas garlands, bright red festoons, lending an air of festivity to the jumbled, over-crowded store. From the adjoining room came the tinkle of a harsh piano—children's voices, shrill and uncertain singing:

"Jesus once was a little child,
A leet—le child like me—ee."

Silence. Vociferous applause. As Eric listened the hard lines of his face unconsciously relaxed. He remembered having heard other children, in a different tongue, sing a similar song—in the almost forgotten past. There had been a little sister who warbled songs of the Christ child. Eric blinked; rubbed his gnarled hand over his dripping, unkempt beard, and faced the storekeeper with a half smile.

"'Listin' in' I see," the little man was talking garrulously before the door was fairly closed. "That's the rage these days. Our school teacher's got a radio, and he hopes to pick up somethin' tonight if it ever quits snowin.' Good thing, too. Makes folks one big family, like. We're havin' a school program and Christmas tree in there. We cleared out our front room, 'cause the school house ain't central no longer. Step in and set a while, Mister, and hear the rest of 'em speak. My boy's got a piece—"

Instantly Eric's face hardened. "I haf no time to set," he made answer with dark emphasis. He felt a sudden need to get away from the voice of singing children ere his purpose weakened. He had not known it was Christmas Eve. Ever since he had read the notice of final title being given to the man who had jumped his claim, he had traveled almost without rest to wreak his vengeance.

"Just as you say," the little man had an annoying habit of repetition. He picked up the scoop again and asked genially,

"Now then, how much candy, seein' you don't want peanuts. I ain't got much left in the way of presents," he rambled on, without waiting for Eric's reply. "Did have some little dolls and trains, but the only thing left is this big doll. I offered it at cost, but the folks out here ain't got much cash for trimmings."

"Dey bane lucky to have cash fur flour," Eric chopped his words in hard, rasping tones. "Dere is only von gu' ranch in thees valley."

"Right you are, sir," the storekeeper picked up his narrative and rambled on. "There were lots wanted that doll, but none could buy. If it ain't sold when the program's out, I'm gonna raffle it off. Ten cents a chance. Wanta buy it, Mister Stranger? Have you got a little girl with arms hungry for such a beauty?" He smoothed the golden curls and turned the waxen smile toward Eric.

Eric turned his grey flanneled back upon the toy for which wistful eyes had hungered. The blue eyes were hauntingly like those of the little sister who had warbled Christmas carols.

"I bane no Santa Claus," he said in gruff tones. "'Put evay dat peanut measure an' gif me matchees, sex boxes. Fex 'em gu', so dey don't git vet. Fill dese canteen wit gasoleen, an' dese oder von vit coaloil. An' move your laigs—not dat mouf."

His attitude more than his words seemed ominous. He glared defiantly over the counter until the little storekeeper backed away from the threatening face.

"Certainly, certainly," he hastened to make conversation. "Necessity before luxury, *always*. Every family in the whole valley is in there exceptin' Tom Adams from Cedar Hill. He owns that one good ranch you spoke 'bout."

"He tink he own dat farm?" Eric's voice was charged with derision. "You tink he's dig dat well? You tink he's beeld dat house?"

"I'm worried 'bout him—been poorly fur quite a spell." The storekeeper was rubbing his hands again. "Any chance of your goin' past Adams' house? I oughter send him some things, if your horse ain't too loaded. There ain't been no folks goin' his way for eight or nine days now. Roads mighty bad fur traveling. He's got a kid, too—"

Eric leaned far over the counter. The deep set eyes glared with the first taste of revenge. "I bane goin' to dat house vhere Adams live," his voice was pregnant with hidden intent. "I take him Chreestmus present. Fine present fur man like him. Haf of it's in dem canteens; oder haf's dynamite. Six nice, long steeks, vit fuse an' caps, fur hes shimney stockin'. You go git dat dynamite—quick."

The round eyes of the diminutive man grew rounder. He scanned Eric's huge frame searchingly.

"How—you—joke," he stammered. "Adams needs medicine. It came in the mail today. I don't carry dynamite," he backed toward the communicating door, which had been softly closed.

Eric extended a detaining hand, grinning diabolically, as he watched the fear in his captive's eyes.

"Not dat door, partner," his tones were banal. "Dat dynamite, you keep him outside. Ven you buy dese store from ole man Sims, you git dynamite too. He keep it plenty, to blast dat cedar tree. Dat leetle house, back of dese store. Leaf the kids singin' an' you come vit me." He forcibly guided the rotund storekeeper outside, round the store to the miniature arsenal.

"I fix him gu'—six steeks make von big blowup," Eric did not loosen his grip upon the storekeeper's shoulder. "I dig dat vell—I clear dat farm—I beeld dat house!"

"You, Eric Larson?" The words were a combination of fear and admiration.

Eric grunted affirmatively, hurrying their gait. "I beeld dat house, I blow 'em up!"

"Man alive, you wouldn't do that?" The storekeeper attempted persuasion as he fumbled with the lock. "It's his anyway. You was gone too long, and he got final paper 'bout two weeks ago."

"I vait four year fur him git dem papers," Eric's eyes glistened with fervid hate. "Now he vill understand vhat it mean to lose his home. He love it too. Same I love it, vhen I make it."

"He's sick abed," the final plea for leniency came as the door swung inward on creaking hinges.

"I make him seeker. Dat dynamite is in a tin box, tird shelf, close to dat vall. Dat cap is in a leedle box oder side." Eric extended an impatient hand for his precarious merchandise, but the storekeeper demurred.

"Come back to the store," he suggested. "No use arguing with set men like you. Have to let 'em have their own way. But I'll wrap the sticks up for you, like I did the matches."

Eric looming above him like a huge mastiff, peered into his eyes in the semi-darkness.

"No peenut stuff? Nur song-singin'?" he questioned threateningly. "Eric Larson take no foolin'," he added by way of additional persuasion.

"On the square," the storekeeper had a new firmness in his voice. "I've heard tell of you. Folks around here never get tired of tellin' how you worked on your farm. Too bad you got tired and quit provin' up," he finished, as they entered the store.

"I no git tired," Eric's sudden answer flamed self-defense. "I just stay leetle too long trappin'."

"Too bad, too bad, but Adams is there now." He pulled long strips of paper from the roller, and added, "law is law, these days."

"Law bane law, an' teet bane teet, an' eyes bane eyes," Eric watched the little man as he made a great ado about wrapping the sticks and caps. He moved his hands in and out of voluminous folds of paper until Eric became impatient.

"Dat paper is 'nough," he ordered. And, with a significant motion toward his right-hand pocket, he added, "Von't be healthy fur you to send any of dem song-singin' kids up dat vay ter night." He paid liberally for his purchases and stalked into the night.

As he crossed the remainder of the valley, whose upper end was crowned by Cedar Hill, Eric carefully noted the old familiar landmarks. The storm had abated and the moon struggled for ascendancy over lingering clouds. A pale light hung over the silent valley, beautifying otherwise unlovely objects. Two pitifully small haystacks hove in sight, setting under a broken windmill.

"Dat Tim Barlow kud come to my Chreestmas fire an' git plenty to make dat gu'," muttered Eric, laughing at his own wit. "You keep dat pace, Pershing, ve bane most dere. I tink you have plenty time to git your vind, 'fore ve leave dese valley tru dat pass."

Having reached the summit of the hill, he stopped his horse and slowly surveyed his former homestead. Even in its winter covering the little spot reflected the care and toil which he had lavished upon it. He gazed at the orchard, black and fantastic in the penetrating silence. He had wrapped each sapling with straw and burlap—had enclosed the whole with rabbit proof fence.

His eyes traveled on to the pump house and windmill. Well he remembered the weeks he had dug in the open hole, the thrill he felt

when he "struck" wet gravel. He looked at the wide, even stretch of open fields. His hands tightened on the pommel of his saddle, as if he were again tugging at the stubborn sage as he cleared the virgin soil. Then his gaze moved on to the substantial log house. He had hewn every one of its logs in the black mountains which bound the valley. He had snaked the logs, alone, save for the aid of Pershing.

A lone light gleamed from a window. As he sensed its message of occupation by another, Eric's face contracted with conflicting emotions. Love for the old home, freshly awakened, hate for the usurper, struggled for supremacy. He rose in the stirrups, waving a long arm over the landscape, as if in benediction.

"Mine!" he muttered chokingly. "Ef dat Adams tink he have my house I show him. Pershing, ve blow him up."

He hitched the horse in a safe place and, carrying his missives of destruction carefully under one arm, stepped through the unbroken snow. He stopped to stroke a cow that mooed plaintively from the open shed. With keen eyes he noted there was no hay in the manger, no stack in the yard. But he unfalteringly directed his steps toward the one lighted window of the house. With unflinching purpose he rapped loudly upon the door with his foot, his free hand being "handy" to his hip pocket.

The door opened so suddenly that Eric lost his hold upon his pocket Colt. No claim-jumping sneak stood before him. A little girl, eager eyed, flaxen haired, smilingly expectant, motioned him to enter.

"Come in, Santa Claus;" his welcome was evident. "I thought you'd be late. Come on in," she urged, as Eric stood motionless.

"You have to use the door," she explained patiently, "the chimney's too small. You have to hurry, 'cause the wood is all gone, and the house will get cold." She took Eric by the free hand and led him in.

"Mama said you wouldn't come this year, but I knew! Please Santa, let me open that one bundle, I know you have others in your sleigh." She reached eagerly for the package which Eric held firmly from her grasp.

"Where's your pa?" he demanded, pushing her roughly aside.

In answer, an inner door opened and a woman, young in figure, but with the age of lost hope upon her features, faced him inquiringly. Eric refused to see the look of hope which sprang into her eyes as she saw his package. He refused to feel the child tugging at his arm; refused to heed her prattle.

"Oh," cried the woman, impulsively clasping her hands over her breast, "Oh, you are Heaven sent. Have you brought medicine and food?"

"I vant to see dat man vat live in dese house," Eric thundered, feeling his purpose weaken in this welcoming atmosphere.

The woman, chilled by his attitude, stepped aside and motioned him toward the darkened room. But the child jumped forward, heralding his entrance.

"Daddy, he's come!" Her voice, shrill with excitement, broke the ominous silence. "I'm glad I hung the stockings in here. He's got a bundle—it's big. I hope he brought candy—" with sudden memory her voice altered.

"I hope its medicine and things to make you well. Tell him, Daddy, that Mama swept the snow off to get chips to keep you warm." Breathless she paused, her expectant eyes glued on the stoical face of the dark-visaged man who loomed behind her.

"Sir, if you have brought relief, I beg you to hurry. There is no time to lose." Mrs. Adams, eloquent in her pleading, cast an apprehensive glance at the bed.

"How tall you are, Santa." Again the child tugged at the bundle which Eric closely guarded. "Let me feel if it's raisins or nuts."

Eric yearned to gag the chattering child. He wished the woman would take her beseeching eyes from his face. Then at the child's urging, the man in the bed turned listlessly toward his visitor.

"You are welcome, sir," he began. "We can offer you lodging, but no food. The child is over eager." As his eyes traveled up the enormous frame of his visitor and rested upon Eric's face, the voice failed. He had seen Eric Larson *once*. Four years before he had been pointed out to him as a man who never forgets.

"Well, Mister Santa," the invalid continued in an altered tone and with a forced smile, "you have—returned—at last. We hoped you would come."

"Daddy," the child tugged at her father's arm, "tell him I prayed he would come."

"We have lived upon milk four days, and there is no more hay." Mrs. Adams' even tones struck into the heart of the vengeful Eric.

With an effort, Tom Adams raised himself upon an elbow.

"Show us your bundle, Santa, we will exchange—gifts. Louise, get the deed—" He started to cough. The woman darted forward, supporting him until the paroxysm passed. Instinctively she reached to the little table, where empty vials seemed to mock her. Then she produced a legal envelope from a trunk and silently handed it to Eric.

"The last chicken is gone," wailed the child disconsolately. "I want candy and nuts and raisins and wood."

How the child prattled! She babbled more than the storekeeper. She had learned her part well. And the searching eyes of the mother—the sick man who made no defence—no excuse—

Eric pulled himself together. He *would not* relent. Tom Adams had earned punishment. He had made no inquiry if Eric were sick when he took advantage of his absence. It was not to be foiled at the crucial moment that Eric had nursed hate throughout four years; had

traveled through storm and sleet. He would have his revenge, sweeter than he had dreamed. To leave his victim helpless, as well as homeless! In the long ago, back in the homeland by the sea, Eric's blue-eyed sister had prayed to the Christ child for Christmas gifts. How this child prattled and tugged at his arm!

"I have come," in slow, metallic tones he delivered his message, "to git eye fur eye."

"Mama," impatiently the child tugged at her mother's dress, "what a queer Santa, he won't talk to me! Tell him we need—oh, Daddy, Santa, what is in that bundle?"

"I don't blame you one bit," in faultless but halting speech Tom Adams made answer to Eric's ultimatum. "I didn't know then—what—what—a home meant. Had always rented. You loved this place—built the house—"

"It take von year to make dese house gu' and warm," the voice was still unrelenting.

"Well," the sick man reached for the envelope and drew out a folded document, "it will be yours again. I won't need it—much longer. We made a deed to you—if I live to reach a notary, its yours. But there is no medicine, and I—can't hang on much—longer." He thrust the paper into Eric's free hand and sank exhausted upon the pillows.

Something in the soul of Eric Larson, trapper, hunter, farmer, seemed to bend, weaken, snap. His little sister used to tug at his hand in that same manner, in the long ago. Here, where he had been prepared for resistance, the quiet resignation of ownership unnerved him. He could blow up the windmill. He would dynamite the house—he could—the child, she was talking again!

"Santa," the plea came with the assurance of the child who has never known disillusion, "please only a handful of nuts." She tugged persistently at the bundle.

Eric's eyes blurred. The room swam before his befogged vision. In fancy he saw the arms of the windmill loaded with waxen dolls. His better self struggled for ascendancy against the coddled hate of four years. The little sister used to put her wooden shoes by the door on Christmas Eve. She had never known disappointment. She had always believed. There had always been stacks of firewood in those old days. This woman had gathered chips—only milk for four days—the little storekeeper with his peanuts—the singing children—the voluntary deed—all combined to defeat his purpose. He felt dizzy. He must be sick.

The paper, with its message of destruction, rustled in his trembling hand. The labored breathing of the sick man seemed like the humming of distant wings. His arm relaxed its tense hold upon his bundle while Eric, bewildered, stared at the man who had voluntarily sought to return the usurped farm.

The child twisted the bundle from his grasp—still he paid no heed. The noise of the rustling paper roused him to action. The voice of the child sounded far off—from the old homeland by the sea.

"There's so much paper Mama," she complained. "But there's something inside, too. A bottle, two bottles, they click—"

With a little cry the woman rushed to the child's side. "The medicine!" she cried, and the look of hope returned to her face, bringing with it youth and courage. "Medicine, Tom!" she echoed, holding the bottles before the flickering light for reassurance.

"There's something else, too," continued the child. "It don't feel like raisins or nuts—it's hard." The light flickered and sputtered, and Eric saw that the coal oil was exhausted.

He leaned over and re-rolled the inner bundle in its great mass of paper. Then almost reverently, he laid the deed beside the new medicine bottles.

"Dat's all, dese time, leetle Hulda," he muttered huskily. The little sister had been named *Hulda*. "Ve git more 'bout midnight. Come out to dat pony," he ordered, glad of the chance for action, "an' git dat coal oil fur your Ma to feed dat lamp. Den you set it in dat vindow, so Santa Claus see vat he do vhen he come back."

The moon had conquered all lingering clouds, and a clear, white beauty wrapped the earth in silence. The figure of a child, bending to the weight of a heavy canteen, trudged toward the dark house. A tall, huge man turned his horse's head towards the valley and the store.

"Ours!" he muttered, waving a long arm over the farm, as if in benediction. "Smart leetle storekeeper. He tink he bane smart, Pershing, meexin' dem bottles vit dat dynamite. Ve let him go fur dat, but ef he have sold dat doll 'fore ve git dere, he find out what *eyes fur eyes* manes to von big Eric!"

Ogden, Utah.

Thoughts

"Practical religion makes one's self, one's better self."

"The world treats you just as you treat it; try to treat it right."

"We make our own heaven, it consists in our perspective of life."

"He who lives an upright life, simply because he is commanded to, and not because of the joy there is in it, does not live, he merely puts on a sham."

"God, besides being our spiritual Father, acts as a Father to lead us to the higher and better things of life. Because of his experiences he has found what type of life will give the greatest amount of lasting joy. His plan for getting the most of joy out of life is given to us in the gospel of Jesus Christ."

—WEBSTER TUCKER

All Hail the Christmas Tide

All hail, the blessed Christmas tide,
The best of all the year,
The time when every heart is touched
With love for those most dear;
The time when envy, care and strife
Are laid away to rest,
While stories of the Christ child's life
Are those we love the best.

For lo, the sky with brightness shone,
And shepherds from afar
Heard angel voices sweet and clear
And saw that brilliant star
Throughout that midnight stillness then,
They heard this sweet refrain:
"All glory be to God on high,
And peace, good will to men."
The shepherds left their flocks that night
To seek the Christ, divine.
The wise men, too, made haste to come
From distant land and clime,
They followed far that wond'rous star,
Until they found the place,
And lo, instead of kingly courts
'Twas but a baby's face
There in a manger sweet and clean
The little Christ child lay,
While round his baby head there gleamed
A bright and heavenly ray.

They knelt beside the manger there,
And praised their God above,
And gifts that they had brought afar
They gave to show their love.
These worthy men knelt silently
And worshiped Christ their King,
For to their noble, trusting hearts
True comfort did he bring.

Just so, we all give thanks to God
For that first Christmas day,
And for the little Christ-child gift
Who in a manger lay.

His life was one of sacrifice,
And one of noble use;
He suffered long upon the cross,
The bands of death to loose;
He taught the need of love and peace
That all men might be free;
He suffered grief and pain for us,
He died on Calvary.

And so, each season we should keep
That Christmas spirit bright,
And think of that first Christmas day
And that first Christmas night.
And naught but love should fill our hearts,
All earthly strife should cease,
And with the world and with our God,
Our hearts should be at peace.
The nations, which for ages past
Have fought for selfish gain,
If they would follow Christ their King
Must stay such death and pain.
The noise of mighty guns must cease,
The sword be used no more,
The battleships on every sea
Would ne'er be needed more,
The mighty minds who, in the past,
Have learned the arts of war
Would turn their efforts then for good
And peace forever more.

And then, in every heart would swell
That sweet refrain of love
And peace, good will to all the world,
And praise to God above;
And then each heart would understand
What that first Christmas meant,
And why the Father, through his love
His Son to earth he sent.
The Christmas spirit then would fill
Each loving heart so true,
And usher in that glorious day
When Christ will reign anew.

Mesa, Arizona.

IDA R. ALLDREDGE.

WHICH SHALL IT BE?

BY AGNES JUST REID

Molly Kent slipped off her kitchen apron and hung it methodically on the nail, as she had done for more than twenty years, at that hour of the evening, then she went to her son's room to pay him the usual visit before she went to bed.

Rollo was reading, but put his book aside as he heard her step.

"Well, what are you reading tonight, my boy?" she inquired as she seated herself rather wearily on the side of his bed.

"Emerson. I found an old set of his essays up in the attic and I'm beginning to catch the drift of the old boy. They tried to shove him down my throat the second year at High, but I thought he was all high brow, then, now he seems like quite a decent chap. And, by the way, Mother, I see by the date that you were so thoughtful to put in all of your books, that you acquired this set when you were only about fifteen; you must have been a lot smarter than your illustrious son, for he finds Emerson pretty hard at twenty."

Molly looked down at her work-scarred hands a moment before she answered: "Yes, I was considered smart, everyone said that I would attain great heights, but I gave it up to become the wife of a farmer, and that brings me to what I wanted to say tonight: Promise me, Rollo, that you will yield to my wishes and go to college this fall."

The boy's lips tightened, but he looked into his mother's face with the candor that had been his from babyhood and said kindly: "No, Mother, I am not going to college. I've thought about it a lot, and I'd like to do the thing that would please you most, but I cannot. I've decided that if anybody goes to college from this house, it will be you."

"Me? Why my chances of college were over twenty years ago; that is the reason I am so eager to pass on to you what was denied me. That is the way of life; it is such a short span that our children, and sometimes our grandchildren, have to finish the tasks that we began."

"But, Mother, I've heard you say many times that you were going back some day to finish the work you gave up to marry Dad. Of course, I think the day you married him was the luckiest day in your life and mine, too, but I want to reward you by giving back to you the gift you sacrificed. Why should I take college when I do not want it and you go on longing and grieving because you never had it?"

"But, sonny boy, your life is before you. I am facing the sunset."

"Yes, that is just it, dear heart, you are facing the sunset. You're not as able to carry your load as you were ten years back, neither's

Dad. Don't you see the gray coming around his ears? Look at the Peterson family. All of them away at school and old father Peterson getting more stooped and discouraged every minute. Do you think I want to come home from college with a degree and find my father looking like that? Why just the other day he told me I was getting to handle horses as well as he does himself. I've been trying to do that for about fifteen years, and if I can do it, it is a sign I am some help to him and I'm going to stay."

The tears were raining quietly into Molly Kent's lap. She was proud of the boy's spirit, but she was not convinced. "You are a good horseman, Rollo, I don't believe even the horses can tell you and Daddy apart, but we are passing out of the age of horses, you must know about engines. You'll possibly have a flying machine for your very own and you must find out about those things in school."

"Mother, I'll find out about those things from father, too, if you'll just let me stay around close to him. Do you know that last winter the extension division of our state university was putting on a show at Kane City; he and I dropped in one afternoon and found in attendance all of the mechanics and garage men for miles around. The man from the U was expounding loudly on the ills of gas engines, and telling how to cure them, and Daddy knew everything he told us and could have answered every question he asked except the chemical term for water. He had not been to college, so he had always called water, just water, instead of H_2O ."

"Oh, Rollo, I just cannot let you give it up. Your arguments are good, but all of the worthwhile things are being done by college men. You are such a perfect physical specimen, I want to see your brain match your body. Please think of it a while and try and reconsider."

"Oh, my Mollie Mother, how I'd like to please you always, but look around you and see if you'd like me to be like the other college boys of our acquaintance. Harry and Pete Saxon were fine fellows two years ago, now they do nothing but run the family car around, smoke cigarettes and look for a place where 'moon' is sold. I don't say that college did it, but that is all they have to show for two years of life and a pile of money."

"But you would not do those things, even if you did go to college, son of mine."

"I am not so sure of it. Tie all of this energy of mine up for nine whole months and I might do anything. You know the Indians used to go on the war path when they were confined too closely. I feel as if I'd be about ready to rob a bank, if I had to be shut up that long."

"That is just why they have college athletics, to take care of that surplus energy. You'd be a wonderful football player."

"College athletics, yes! Not for your little son. It has always been a puzzle to me why so much youthful energy and sometimes youthful lives have to be sacrificed to sport, while my dad's back is breaking shoveling ditches to run water in, so that we can raise wheat and spuds to feed the hungry; and Uncle John, over there in Wyoming, heaves coal out of a dark hole to keep us warm. No, Mother, no college athletics for your little Rollo."

"But don't you remember you used to say that you would someday go to the legislature or even to Congress and help to make better laws than we have now. The best education you can get will be none too good for that. Oh, don't let your ambitions die!"

"Never you worry, Mother, my ambitions are not going to die. I am going to the legislature some of these days, and I don't want any college diploma hanging to me when I go. I am going as a friend of my father and other boys' fathers who are going to their graves because of the terrible burden of this educational system. I read the other day that 75 per cent of our taxes go to our schools. The taxes that are putting the gray into daddy's hair before it is due, go to support the institutions where they play football, and smoke cigarettes. You go to college, like a good girl, Mother. You are old enough to get all the good and none of the bad, but as for me, I'll stay on the farm and raise food for the hungry, and fight out this inequality of the tax burden."

Mollie looked at his glowing face and wondered if, after all, he was not right. Could college give him anything better than he already had, and might it possibly be that it would take some of it away? She kissed him good night, defeated but not unhappy, because her baby had become a man, a man that she was likely to be proud of someday.

Shelley, Idaho.

God's Garden

There's a bit of God's own garden,
Out among the Western hills;
When echoes ring the ledges fling
Their dying notes o'er rocks and rills.
Pine trees stand serene and grand—
A harp of softly-chorded strings;
Where Nature plays entrancing lays,
Like sound of far-flown silver wings.

There's the spell of God's own breathing
Felt amid the forest's shade;
His soul instils exalting thrills,
And lies in every sylvan glade.
Nature charms, with gentle arms
Entwined with light and fond caresses;
And on the breeze waft melodies,
Like faintly luring wind-blown tresses.

Huntington, Utah.

LAMONT JOHNSON.

"WE ARE SEVEN"

[At the request of the editors of the *Era*, we have received from Elder Junius F. Wells, this semi-humorous sketch given at the annual celebration or family reunion, of the Wells Family, in honor of the 110th anniversary of the staunch Churchman, Daniel H. Wells, whose splendid service for the Church, in Pioneer days in Utah and in early days in Nauvoo, are well known to the Latter-day Saints.

Rulon S. Wells, a son of Daniel H. Wells, is eminent in Church service, having labored faithfully many years a member of the First Council of Seventy. He has visited many times every division of the Church from Mexico to Canada, and from California to the East and filled missions at home and abroad. Our people will be interested in his sketch, "We Are Seven."—EDITORS.]

At your request and with the consent of my brother Rulon, I am pleased to supply a copy for publication of his number on the program of exercises rendered at the Wells Family reunion, October 27, 1924, in honor of the 110th anniversary of the birth of Daniel H. Wells, founder of the family.

The chairman of the celebration stated, "The next number on the program is 'We Are Seven,' by Rulon S. Wells," who responded as follows:

I don't know exactly just what I am to do in regard to this number on the program but I presume I shall be expected to recite the beautiful little poem beginning:

"There was a little cottage girl,
She was eight years old she said."

But that is all I can remember of it. However, I learned, when I began the study of the German language, that this poem had been taken from the German, and was written by Frederick Von Schiller. I remember his poem better, because I had to work harder to learn it, so I will recite it:

"Es sass bei bunten Blumen auf einem Grab ein Kind,
In seinen Locken spielte der frische Morgenwind.
Ihm gluheten frisch die Wangen, wie Kirschen in dem Mai
Und seine Augen strahlten wie Sterne klar und frei.

"Nicht blickt der Fink so helle der in den Zweigen singt
So frohlich die Gazelle die auf dem Walde springt
'Ei sag! Wie viel Geschwister, seid ihr mein liebes Kind'
Das Kind sprach freundlich: 'Sieben in Allem unser sind'."

Perhaps this was not what was anticipated when I was put on the program for "We Are Seven," but there is a mystery about the number seven. I read in the scriptures of the 7 days of creation; of the hosts of Joshua marching 7 times around the walls of Jericho

before they fell; of the man who was healed of his malady by being baptized 7 times in the River Jordan; of the 7 years of plenty, and the 7 years of famine; the 7 devils that were cast out of Mary Magdalene; the 7 churches of Asia to whom was addressed the Apocalypse, and so on. I do not think that this is what you want me to talk about, but inasmuch as my brother Junius and I have recently arrived at our three score years and ten, the allotted age of man, and inasmuch as my older brother (and he is older than I, he looks it) has finally succeeded in having our anniversaries celebrated, even though we did have to encroach upon father's birthday, I am thinking that perhaps it is intended I should tell you something of my personal history and therefore I take the liberty of submitting to you the following biographical sketch:

I was born on the 7th day of the 7th month, 7 years after the arrival of the pioneers in Salt Lake Valley.

I am my father's seventh child. My mother had 7 children. I have had 7 children.

At 1x7 I moved from my birthplace to the home on Main street. At 2x7 I was ordained an elder and received my endowments. At 3x7 I was ordained a seventy and sent to the Swiss and German mission. At 4x7 I married a girl from the 7th ward, after working like Jacob for his Rachel another 7 years before getting her. At 6x7 I went on my second mission to Europe, presiding over the European mission which includes 7 missions: British, Scandinavian, Swedish, Swiss, German, Netherlands, Turkish.

Returning home from my first mission I landed in New York on the 7th day of the 7th month, 1877, being the second time I landed in America on July 7.

Then I served 7 years on a home mission. Then I served 7 years in Sunday school.

I was then chosen as one of the First 7 Presidents of 70.

I am now 10x7 or 70 years young.

I supposed, in the above, that Rulon had exhausted seven and its multiples as applied to himself until I reviewed, the family genealogical record when I discovered that in the direct lineage from Governor Thomas Wells, the first American progenitor (1636-1660), Rulon is number 49—seven times seven.—*Junius F. Wells.*

Welles—Wells. The origin of the De Welles of Lincolnshire, England, barons by summons to Parliament, was of the house of Vaux, of the ancient Province of Neustria, France, one of the most illustrious families known to history. The derivation is traced A. D. 794, from which time they held a position of the highest rank and were allied by marriage with most of the sovereign families of Europe. Jocelyn Welles was a close friend and companion, as well as kin to William the Conqueror with whom he came to England, and took part in the Battle of Hastings. From him was descended Hugo de Welles b. 1181, Bishop of Lincoln and Lord Chancellor of England. He was a chief of the barons and was instrumental in ob

taining from King John at Runnymede, 1215, the "Magna Charta," the bulwark of English liberty, the famous document having been written in his own hand. His name and that of his brother Jocelyn de Welles, Bishop of Bath, are mentioned in the Charter and their seals appear on it. Harold de Vaux, Lord of Vaux in Normandy, having conferred his seignory upon the Abbey of the Holy Trinity founded at Caen by Matilda, the wife of William the Conqueror, came into England and settled in Cumberland County about the year 1120. Robert de Vallibus, a lineal descendant of Hubert de Vallibus, the eldest son of Harold de Vallibus, is designated in English records, Robert de Welles. His descendants afterwards appear as Lords de Welles of Reyne Hall, Essex. One of these, Lord John Welles, married 1487 Cecelia Plantagenet, daughter of Edward IV., of England. The American family descends through Robert, whose grandson William had four sons, Robert de Dalston, baron; Adam and William de Welles of Lincolnshire, 1194; and Oliver de Vallibus, Prior of Pentney Abbey. William Welles thus became the founder of that long line of noblemen of Lincolnshire whose history is given in full by Dugdale in his standard work on "Baronage in England." Bishop Hugo de Welles, advanced to the See of Lincoln as Arch-Deacon and Lord Chancellor of the Realm, became one of the most influential and powerful men of his time in England. Governor Thomas Welles, or Wells, an immigrant ancestor and the first American progenitor of this numerous family, was born in Essex, England, and came to New England 1636.

Strength of Desire

If I could paint the glory of the sunset
 With its flaming, scarlet banners and its gold;
 If I could paint the splendor of the purple,
 And the grey and mauve and violet, fold on fold;
 If I could shade the canvas blue and silver,
 Blend jades and amber where there once was murk,
 And help one soul to revel in its beauty—
 The world would be the richer for my work.

I fain would fill the air with joyous music.
 But I have not the gift to sing sweet songs;
 If I could write the books or preach the sermons
 That would rectify mistakes and right the wrongs;
 If I could give the cheer, the hope, the comfort,
 To heart discouraged with the weight of strife,
 And help someone to realize God's goodness—
 The world would be the fuller for my life.

If I can just appreciate the friendship
 Of those whose lot is cast with mine on earth;
 And strive to render willing, helpful service
 To those whose love I cherish for their worth;
 If I can give sincerest adoration
 To God who reigns in holiness above,
 Show gratitude to Him who gives the glory—
 The world will be the better for my love.

Magrath, Alta, Canada.

MAUDE B. RASMUSSEN.

THE HERITAGE AND PROMISE

BY JOHN HENRY EVANS, AUTHOR OF "ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF MORMONISM"

"And it shall come to pass that in the last days, that the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the tops of the mountains and shall be exalted above the hills; and all nations shall flow unto it. And many shall go and say, Come ye, and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, to the house of the God of Jacob; and he will teach us of his ways, and we will walk in his paths."—*The Prophet Isaiah.*

I

To begin with, the "Mormons" are the most composite people in the world today, since they have drawn, and continue to draw from the best nations of Northern Europe and from the most substantial citizenry of composite America.

It is by no means an accident that the greatest nations of the past and of the present are of a mixed blood.

The Greeks and Romans were. In both of these peoples the bottom population was the Pelasgians, who were themselves composite, for they had been conquered by a race from the Central Apennines. This Pelasgic population was absorbed by the Hellenes, who acquired strains from immigrants to their state. The Romans were not, as is commonly believed, descended from a single pair, but were the product of two principal races, not to speak of later accretions—the Pelasgians, who, as we have already stated, were a mixed people, and colonists from Troy.

An even more complex people are the English. The Celts of Scotland and Wales and Ireland were not the first inhabitants of Great Britain. These, it appears, absorbed the population they found there. In the fifth century of our Era some barbarian tribes—the Jutes, the Angles, and the Saxons—came down from the stormy shores of the Baltic and invaded England. And these, after they had driven the Welsh into the mountain fastnesses, were in turn overcome politically by the Normans, who were a mixture of Scandinavians and French, although in language and manners they overpowered their conquerors. Then, too, there is a strain of Danish blood in the English, acquired in the ninth century and after, as well as a Celtic strain along the west borderline of what was the Danelaw, where the newer English and the Welsh intermingled freely and where Shakespeare was born.

Without question, however, the most composite nation in all history is the United States of America. It has long been the melting

pot of races, the crucible into which has been thrown the metals of all nations, the great amalgam of the world. Its vast virgin territory, its unbounded opportunities, its comparative freedom of thought and deed, have called loudly to the adventurous, the aspiring, and the free-thinking of all peoples, who have flocked here in sailing-vessel and ocean-liner by the hundreds of thousands every year; and here they have been allowed to intermarry almost without let or hindrance. As a result we have, not a new nation merely, but a new people— young, vigorous, powerful beyond precedent.

Just why a composite people should be greater than one of unmixed blood ought not to be difficult to see. Inbreeding in man, as in the lower animals, tends to a duplication over and over again of the same traits of character, whereas outbreeding, as it may be termed, tends to a variety of traits. Thus a sluggish-minded race, marrying only within itself, is apt to reproduce sluggish-mindedness. And similarly a sprightly, vivacious people, unmixed, is likely to continue this characteristic in itself. If, however, the two are intermingled, the result will be modification of both—which is an improvement. There is no doubt that the rapid ascendancy of the United States among the powers of the world is due in part to this admixture of blood in its people. Its fertile inventive genius, which has produced three-fourths of the world's inventions, and its development of the principles of democracy give the American nation a place by itself in the history of the world.

Now the "Mormon" people, occupying in the main the greater part of Utah and southeastern Idaho, with sprinklings in Wyoming, Colorado, California, and Arizona, are the most composite people in the most composite nation in the world.

The West has always been composite, in a sense that has hardly been the case in the East. New York City, for instance, is more cosmopolitan than composite. Its population is heterogeneous, made up of people from all parts of the world, but this population is not compounded of these different elements. There are in that great city Irish quarters, Russian quarters, Austrian quarters, Italian quarters, and so on. But these peoples do not mix, to speak of, either with one another or with Americans. And then again there has often been a tendency in eastern sections of the country to settle in groups from this or that nation; as for example, New England by the English, New York by the Dutch, Minnesota by the Swedes, Wisconsin by the Germans, and so on. But in the West there has been pretty generally a fusion of blood from the best of the European nations, due chiefly to the purpose for which men and women came here originally.

Even in the West, however, there is nothing like the mixture of blood that can be found in "Mormon" communities. A teacher in a class in one of the seminaries of the Church in a rural settlement tested out his pupils in this respect. He found that the parents and

grandparents of his boys and girls represented twenty-three different nationalities. Nor is this a rare condition. It is to be met with in every community throughout "Mormondom." All the best nations of Europe have contributed their quota to the "Mormon" compound. On the fiftieth anniversary of the Church's birthday, in 1880, there were represented in a parade in Salt Lake City twenty-five different nations whose people had accepted the Book of Mormon. Chief among these, to be sure, were the Americans, the English, the Germans, the Scandinavian peoples, the Welsh; but the Irish, the Scotch, the Dutch, and the French were also represented, as were many other peoples of lesser importance nationally.

These various nationalities, drawn to this Western Mecca by the magnet of the gospel, have come to "Zion" in response, as they believe, to the ancient prediction of a modern call, "I will gather you out from all nations." And under the democracy of the New Revelation these have intermarried—the nimble-witted Celt and the heavy-minded Teuton, the fair-haired Scandinavian with the dark-haired Welsh, the adaptable Yankee with the intractable Scotch, the chivalrous man of the Southern States with the hardy daughter of the Western pioneer, and so on without limit. "Mormonism" has supplied something, namely the religious spirit, by means of which the varying elements have been fused into one people in a way that is true in no other part of the United States. For this new population, the recruits of the "Mormon" missionaries which have been sent out everywhere by thousands, 'is woven at once into the fabric of the community. They are not employed by the community; they are married to the community."

II

Not only are the Latter-day Saints a highly composite people, but in the scriptural phrase they are also a chosen people. For the processes by which "Mormonism" came into existence and by which it continues are selective to a rare degree.

From the very first this religion has been extremely unpopular. In millions of minds all over the world the name "Mormonism" is to this day, notwithstanding the easy modes of travel and the accessibility of accurate information, associated with whatever is vulgar—even criminal. Often it is used to point a jest at the dinner table, on the public rostrum, and in general literature. At one time the "Mormons" were popularly thought to have horns, and some who do not know any better still think so. In the average social circle a Latter-day Saint, if he does so incognito, may mix freely with the company and be generally regarded as a "good fellow," but as soon as the fact is known that he is a "Mormon," presto! all his fine social and intellectual qualities vanish like spirit, and every one withdraws from him as from a foul contagion.

This unpopularity comes from three sources:

For one thing, "Mormonism" professes to be a New Revelation. Now anything new is opposed, whether it be a revelation or not. There is something in the human mind that repels what is new in thought or practice. It has been so in all ages. The ancients crucified Christ, the men of the middle ages imprisoned Galileo, and the moderns laughed at Columbus and put him in chains. And opposition to new revelation is more violent than to anything else that is new because it comes in conflict with forms and habits of mind that are more deep seated in the emotions.

For another thing, "Mormonism" has always waved the red flag in the face of the wild bull. Its first utterance was antagonistic. It characterized all the churches as apostate. Certainly this was stroking modern Christianity the wrong way, if it was intended to be conciliatory. Then again, its views on the Bible and how it is to be understood, on revelation and visions and miracles, on marriage, on the relation of the Church to material affairs, and especially on Priesthood—these filled the cup to overflowing.

And for still another thing, men have not been above making up and broadcasting falsehood about the "Mormon" people. Some have done this unwittingly, but others have done it from malice and for gain. Ministers of religion have wrought up the feelings of their congregations against "Mormonism," because like the silversmiths of Ephesus their craft was in danger. Politicians, especially in the United States, have agitated the public mind against the Saints because they could better gain their end that way. And the press, always greedy for salacious news, has dished up for the unthinking masses the lies that have been concoted by designing preachers and politicians.

But whatever the cause, it has come about that a "Mormon" is more or less of a social outcast, depending on the part of the world he lives in. On occasions to be a Latter-day Saint has meant to take your life in your hands. Joseph Smith was murdered by an angry mob in Illinois. "Mormon" leaders have at various times been imprisoned for their religious convictions, and "Mormon" property has been pillaged and confiscated. "Mormon" converts and missionaries have been pretty generally subjected to abuse, even physical violence. Four times in their history have the "Mormons" been driven from their homes by their neighbors in different States of the Union.

The unpopularity of "Mormonism" has proved a distinctly selective process. It has been the means of determining who should be "Mormons" and who should not. It has been a Hand reaching down out of the ether and picking now this one, now that, and placing them within the fold, as a shepherd chooses his sheep. Those who have embraced the "Mormon" Church have therefore manifested certain traits of character in general.

They have had independence of spirit—a spirit that does not

lean too heavily on the past and the has-been-said, that does not derive its strength from the words and deeds of others, that does not fear to break away from old moorings and pioneer a new way over land and sea, that can look into the mists of the future with steady penetration which is not to be diverted by anything others may say or do.

They have had convictions of truth and duty—a vision to see a general purpose running through life, a power to grip the bit of iron rod that connects the present with the past and the future, and that is visible only to the seriously purposeful, a determination to hold fast that which to them seems good.

They have had moral courage to act upon their convictions at all hazards. They have not been dreamers merely, content with turning over in their mind a beautiful thought with no intention of embodying it in a deed. But they have been in general of the kind that act upon a conviction, to whom a thought is synonymous with an act.

It is not meant, of course, that all the people of independence, convictions, and courage are in the "Mormon" Church, nor that all the "Mormons" possess these traits of character. But they *have* them—that is the main point. To be sure, there have been persons who embraced "Mormonism" from motives that do not involve these characteristics, but they have usually fallen by the wayside. Nevertheless it cannot be disputed that to go against the current of public opinion, to break with the past where one's roots have gone down into the soil, to take up a new life in a strange land—this demands independence and courage of a high order.

A single instance given in some detail will place concretely before the reader what heroism is often required of the convert to this New Revelation. It is the case of a master of one of the English universities, a clergyman in the Church of England.

Digging in his garden one morning, he was handed a tract by a "Mormon" missionary. He read not only this tract but other literature that was given him by the elder. Through reading and conversation, coupled with prayer, he became convinced that "Mormonism" is in truth a New Revelation. Meanwhile, to clarify his mind on the subject, he presented the doctrines of "Mormonism" to his congregation week after week. Not knowing the source of his ideas nor his motive for preaching them, they received them with surprise and pleasure.

In the last of those discourses, he announced that he had been preaching to them the doctrines of the despised "Mormon" religion. Not only so, but he announced that he had decided to abandon his pastorate, sever his connection with the Episcopal church, and cast his lot with the Latter-day Saints.

The effect was much like that produced by a sudden electrical storm. His congregation was overwhelmed with astonishment and

chagrin. They did not reason with him, they did not sympathize with him as over a misfortune, they did not plead with him on the basis of his past services. They spurned him as they would a leper or a man who had suddenly gone mad. They scorned and despised him. His wife and daughters turned away from him as if he had done some enormous wickedness.

His occupation gone, like Othello's, he finally left England and came to Utah, where he picked up such odd jobs as opportunity threw in his way. He never rejoined his family, nor did they even inquire after him. His name was literally blotted out from the book of their remembrance, as from that of his congregation.

Thousands of instances might be told to the same effect. For the sake of "Mormonism" men and women have lost the means by which they earned their bread, husbands have been separated from their wives and wives from their husbands, children have been denied the protection of their home and disowned by those whose natural duty it was to guide them over the rapids and through the flood. Still, to paraphrase a remarkable passage in Paul, under somewhat similar conditions, neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, has been able to separate men and women from "Mormonism," once they were converted and had the courage of their convictions.

It is commonly believed, at least asserted, by outsiders whose information comes to them second-hand, that only the lower orders socially are attracted to the "Mormon" faith. But men and women of low ideals, persons of inferior character, and moral cowards do not as a rule join an unpopular cause. These usually have no convictions. They do not think for themselves. They follow the crowd. The unpopular cause is generally in the van of thought and deed and goes begging for adherents. At all events, those who fly in the teeth of public disfavor have convictions of their own and the courage to do what they deem to be right. They may, and often do, have failings, but they also have character, for these things are the unfailing signs of character. They may lack the polish that comes from contact with the schools; but this is their misfortune not a defect of character. The unpolished diamond is still a diamond. No amount of scintillation in the paste can take the place of the real gem. When a person actuated by a conviction sacrifices the pleasure of home, forfeits the esteem of his dearest friends, abandons voluntarily the means by which he gets his bread, tears himself up by the roots from the soil that has been sanctified by age-long memories to try a new life in a strange land—these acts imply character.

(To be continued)

HEROES OF SCIENCE

BY PRESIDENT F. S. HARRIS AND N. I. BUTT OF THE
BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY

6. Helmholtz

"Know the truth and the truth shall make you free," seems to have been the motto of Hermann L. F. Helmholtz, one of the foremost intellectual men of the last century. There is hardly a branch of science that this master investigator did not leave his impress upon in his active career of half a century. When the physician examines your eyes for defects, he probably applies some of the facts discovered by Helmholtz. The work of this scientist helped give us the facts concerning the way sound is received and interpreted by the ear; why some sounds "grate on the nerves" while others give pleasure, and why there is such a difference in musical instruments. Besides his discoveries in these lines he also made important contributions to our knowledge of chemistry, mathematics, electricity, magnetism, mechanics, meteorology, and astronomy.

On his mother's side, Helmholtz was a descendant of the historical Quaker, William Penn. Born in 1821, he was early taught by his father, who was a teacher of philosophy in Germany, to learn about the unknown by close observation of the details connected with it. Throughout his life, Helmholtz showed that his early teachings had sunk deeply.

Other than being born of good parentage, Helmholtz had very few advantages. Like most teachers in our own country, his parents were poor. Being of a delicate constitution so that he could not work hard, the future scientist spent much of his time reading books. He would like to have devoted his entire time to science but when, at the age of 22, he had finished his schooling, there was no opening for him in the experimental lines. His training had prepared him for other work, and he took a position as surgeon in the Prussian army.

In the field of surgery Helmholtz found the information far from complete. During 1842 he made the first of a long series of discoveries which followed during his lifetime. While examining some of the tissues he was cutting he became interested in the little nerves of the body. He pointed out the nature of the nerves in certain nerve-centers not well studied. Later he studied the rate at which the nerves transfer a message from one part of the body to another.

When he became curious to know exactly how muscles contract and could not learn because no one knew, he took it upon himself to find out. Devising an apparatus by which the muscles were made to record their movements by scratches on smoked glass, he soon became

the world's greatest authority on this subject. Many of the facts he learned of the effect of electricity on muscle contraction have been of great value.

So many were Helmholtz's contributions to knowledge that in a few years his services were being sought by the universities. From the time he left the army to the day of his death in 1894 he was actively connected with teaching institutions where he had the opportunities he wished to experiment and to impart his knowledge to the world through scholars.

Physicians were handicapped in attempting to correct eye troubles before the time of Helmholtz because they knew very little about the interior of the eye and the way it acts. In 1851 while this investigator was devising means for demonstrating to his students the cause of the reflection of light by a cat's eye in the dark, he invented the ophthalmoscope, an instrument by which the interior of the eye can be watched. During about 15 years Helmholtz spent all the time he could spare doing nothing but studying the eye. He discovered how the muscles of the eye act when they are focusing on objects at different distances. An examination of persons with certain eye troubles indicated that the difficulty was due to wrong adjustments of the muscles and that a surgical operation would correct the evil. He helped to explain how the nerves of the eye act in sending to the brain the impression of colors. So many were his discoveries about the eye that when he finally compiled them he had a large sized book.

Had Helmholtz made no other contributions to knowledge than those concerning the eye, he would have gone down in history as a great man. But his studies concerning sound and the ear are equally important. Not much was known concerning quality in music before the inventions of Helmholtz. Music was considered as a gift of the gods and therefore unexplainable.

After performing a few experiments in his laboratory, Helmholtz was able to separate the different sounds coming from music, and by means of electrically vibrated tuning forks to create music. He showed that there is no mystery about any sound; that a physicist can analyze it as readily as a chemist analyzes his chemicals. His method of analyzing and compounding sound did much to start Bell, the inventor of the telephone, on the road to this invention. The explanation Helmholtz gave of why sounds please the ear gave instrument makers a much more definite basis for making good instruments, and made the teaching of music and its composition more of a science than heretofore.

Not only did this inventor study sound in the abstract, but he followed its path through the ear to the brain. Many of the mysteries such as why quality as well as quantity of sound is received by the brain were explained by him. Some of his contributions were of great practical value to ear specialists.

But physiology was not the only field entered by Helmholtz. He is one of the noted men who first demonstrated to the world that matter and energy continue forever and are not destroyed. Some people are still trying to make perpetual motion machines which will disprove this theory, but they all finally have to accept its truth.

As a conclusion to this sketch we may state that Helmholtz was a master in many fields of endeavor. He went to the bottom of any subject he became interested in, and if the bottom had not been found by investigators before his time he sought facts which would help to give a fuller knowledge of those things which would assist in uplifting mankind. He was a master teacher as well as an investigator because he tried to learn all facts; students from all over the world came to study under his direction.

The Time to Pray

BY JOSEPH QUINNEY, JR., PRESIDENT CANADIAN MISSION

The time to pray is *now*: Not yesterday, nor at tomorrow's dawn; but now, while I have life, when I can speak with God, and unfold to him in depth of soul my hidden thoughts, and by his grace be made strong.

The time to pray is *now*: I need light, God's holy light to mark the way; and then with unflinching courage be a fragrance in that sacred path and in splendor unfold, as I move, the endowment of God's pure love.

The time to pray is *now*: Confidently I look up to a power above; and with that power bless my friends, my home, my country; and with armor of righteousness push out and build lives with golden deeds.

The time to pray is *now*: I need faith, a vital faith in God. Then fellowmen, my mind adjusted, my soul opens to let in the great gift of light, let me be kind, charitable, obedient, honest, loyal, courageous, strong; yea, a man, a strong man, reflecting always the highest, the best.

The time to pray is *now*: Always lying in wait to deceive lurks the evil one. I need strength, the mighty arm of strength to cast aside this author of lies and build a life of truth.

The time to pray is *now*: Wait not until distressed, oppressed, or the hour of pain has come; pray now, in God's name pray, and have the fortifying power of him who loves and gives.

The time to pray is *now*: I need the Christ in time of peace as well as trial. The hour of prayer is here. It is my hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer; most reverently I bow, in humility I say, "*God, give me strength to do thy will; not mine, I pray, be done.*"

Toronto, Canada.

MESSAGES FROM THE MISSIONS

"Thou shalt send forth my word unto the ends of the earth. Contend thou, therefore, morning by morning; and day after day let thy warning voice go forth; and when the night cometh let not the inhabitants of the earth slumber, because of thy speech."—Motto of the Australian Mission, Doc. and Cov. 112:4-5.

Novel Advertising of a Conference

Victor R. Taylor, conference president of Breslau, Germany, reports that one of the features of a recent conference at which large crowds attended, was the unique way it was advertised. "Through the friendliness of the president of the *Schlesische Funkstunde Aktien Gesellschaft*, a short lecture concerning our identity and why we were called 'Mormons,' and what our purpose was in Germany, was given. The time of our conference meetings was given and announcement made that President Tadge would be present. Following the conference a short report was given concerning it through the radio. We enjoy the *Era* very much and are especially thankful for the lessons given by Dr. George H. Brimhall and H. V. Hoyt of the Brigham Young University."



Missionaries, left to right: Leroy Winter, Homer B. Duncan, Adolff Hoffmann, Curtis J. Bushman, Jacob Wagner, James Sharp of the Chemnitzer conference; Elias Cannon, W. E. Stosich, Richard Behling, Perry McArthur. Sitting: Roland Smith, Leipzig conference; Victor R. Taylor, conference president; E. Virgil Norton, president Dresden conference; Vernon M. Rhodes, president Leipzig conference; Sister Tadge, Mission President Fred Tadge; LeRoy Bunnell, outgoing conference president; W. E. Writer, president Chemnitz conference; L. S. Walker.

Enthusiastic Interest in New Zealand

The elders laboring in the Wellington, New Zealand conference, believe that its general condition was never better. There is a splendid spirit of industry and cooperation manifest among them. For the first time in several years converts have been added to our ranks. The spirit of investigation is possessing many of our friends, and we feel confident that the ordinances of baptism will ere long be administered to others. For the first time in its history, Wellington, the metropolis of the Dominion, has reverberated to the cry of repentance as proclaimed by God's chosen servants. Our open air meetings are flourishing and Zion's cause waxes strong. In May we held a conference characterized by great spiritual influence, the only one that has convened in our district in a year and a half. This created enthusiasm and stimulated great interest, and another is to be held shortly. It is with joy and gratitude that we acknowledge the hand of God in the myriad blessings that we enjoy. The *Era* comes monthly as an ambassador of inspiration. We have induced many of our friends to become subscribers and this to their joy and delight. We rejoice in this privilege of greeting through its pages those who are keeping the "home fires burning," whilst we are favored to continue in this marvelous work.—*Royal L. Garff, Auckland, New Zealand.*



Elders, standing, left to right: D. H. Greenwood, Sandy; H. J. Cassity, released, Provo; Joseph H. Olsen, Jr., Logan, Utah. Front: Wilford Hansen, Monroe, ex-president Wairau conference, released; E. A. Ottley, Elba, Idaho, of the Wairarapa conference; Royal L. Garff, Salt Lake City, president of the Wellington conference; Angus W. Westover, released, Centerfield. D. O. Dastруп Sandy, Utah, was not present when this photo was taken.

News Received from Norway

Up to the present time the *Improvement Era* has heard practically nothing from the Norwegian mission, but we are delighted to report that word has now been received from Elder J. Leland Anderson of the Christiania conference, Norway, that the mission is alive and progressing. The

missionaries express pride in their mission and field of labor and each is doing all in his power for the work of the Lord, and they rejoice in their progress. He says:

"The big problem now confronting us is getting missionaries into the country. It has been and now is almost an impossibility for a missionary of the 'Mormon' Church to get into Norway. Consequently, our list is not large, but our little band is working in perfect unity and love, in which the Spirit of the Lord abounds. Without this blessing we could not accomplish what we have done and are doing. Conference was held here July 19-21. President and Sister David O. McKay were in attendance, and of course, we enjoyed a 'spiritual feast'—a reunion which will always be remembered by those who attended. We wish to send our brotherly love and regards to every reader of the *Era*."



"This picture was taken at conference time. Left to right, top row: Margaret Peterson, A. Richard Peterson, president of the Norwegian mission, Storrs; President David O. McKay; Ole Hansen, Menan, Idaho; Borghild Nylander, Axel A. Nylander, Salt Lake City; Karl Jensen, local, president of the Trondhjem conference; Olaf K. Karlsen, local; president of the Bergen conference; Willard L. Arvesett, Christiania, Norway; Arthur H. Aamodt, visitor, Murray, Utah. Bottom row: Carrie Peterson (President Peterson's daughter); Emma Ray McKay; Ruth Nylander (Axel A. Nylander's daughter); Ernest A. Jorgensen, mission secretary, Salt Lake City; J. Leland Anderson, Rexburg, Idaho; Karin Olsen, Frans Olsen, Salt Lake City. Brother and Sister Nylander have been released and have returned to their home."

L. D. S. Chapel in Baltimore, Maryland, Dedicated

On Sunday, September 7, 1924, the L. D. S. chapel at Baltimore, Maryland, was dedicated. Special dedicatory services were arranged, and B. H. Roberts, president of the Eastern States mission, officiated at the dedication. The meetings were well attended by Saints and friends from different parts of the Maryland conference, some coming from Delaware and Pennsylvania. The sacredness of the occasion, and the impressive and beautiful dedicatory prayer, offered by President B. H. Roberts, will long be remembered by those who attended. Elder Roland C. Lundquist, president of the Maryland conference, conducted the services, and in attendance were:

Elders J. LaMar, Asa F. Hatch, Therin G. Thurgood, F. W. Farnsworth, W. I. Barton, Merrill V. Hansen, Glenn M. Kempton, Chas. W. Mitchell, George R. Burton; and Sisters Eva Lee and Alda Fugal, all missionaries of the conference. The chapel is a neat stone and brick structure located at the corner of Wolfe and Federal streets. convenient to transportation, and the members of the Maryland conference are justly proud of it. It was purchased, within the past year, from the Faith Evang. Lutheran church, at a cost of \$12,000. The First Presidency gave generously from the Church funds towards its purchase. It now stands a creditable monument to the Church, and to the efforts of missionaries and Saints who are trying to obtain a foothold in the Eastern states. The Baltimore branch is presided over by President T. A. Clawson, Jr., and his counselors, James J. Bolin and Professor George R. Sanders.—*The Maryland Conference*, 1529 W. Fayette St., Baltimore, Maryland. R. C. Lundquist, President.

The Way Opened

Elder Horace Y. Whittle, Goole, Hull conference, England, reports the elders enjoying their work in that part of the British mission. "The Lord has opened a way in many respects in getting the message of salvation to numerous friends and investigators. Sister Margaret Smith, recently returned to her home in Salt Lake City, has rendered us great assistance in removing prejudicial feeling and opening many homes to the truth. The work of the Lord is growing here as in many other parts, and we appreciate very much the opportunity of doing our work in presenting the gospel message to the people here. May the cause of truth flourish throughout the earth."



"Missionaries left to right: Horace Y. Whittle, Preston, Idaho; Margaret Smith, Salt Lake City; William G. Jackson, Manassa, Colorado; President K. Marsel Widsøe of the Hull conference, Salt Lake City."

New Church Building Purchased in Amsterdam

I feel sure a great many readers of the *Improvement Era* will be pleased to know that a fine building has been purchased for the branch of the Church in the city of Amsterdam. Since the organization of the Netherlands mission, the Saints in Amsterdam have met in many various halls, most of which have not been altogether suitable for our purposes. but with the acquisition of the present building, we have a place ideally adapted for religious services and the requirements of the auxiliary organizations. The

building is a three-story structure with cement foundation and brick construction, and pleasing design. On the ground floor is the main hall with balcony, which, when finished according to plans, will have a seating capacity of 400. There is a smaller hall on the second floor used for meetings of the Priesthood and auxiliary organizations, with class rooms and rooms for the elders. A small apartment on the third floor is used as a home for the caretaker, while in the cement basement is the heating plant. On September 14, the semi-annual Amsterdam conference was held in the new building, with an attendance in the evening of about 500 people. It was one of the largest and most successful conferences which we have held, and I feel the spirit of permanency has led to new interest in the work of the Lord. Friday evening, October 12, President David O. McKay was here to attend a special service which had been arranged for that evening. The hall was attractively decorated with flowers and palms, and a splendid musical program was rendered by the choir. After a few preliminary remarks, President McKay dedicated the building, and then concluded with a sermon on the text, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness." There was 218 people present. We enjoy reading the *Era* and the elders find it a rich source of information and knowledge.—*Charles S. Hyde*, Mission President.

Overcoming Indifference

"Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?" Such was the question of Nathanael to Philip as Philip invited him to "Come and see," so the missionaries of the southeastern part of Colorado, known as the Pueblo conference, are inviting people to come and not only see, but hear the wondrous truths which Jesus of Nazareth taught and practiced, and which by him have been restored to earth again. Opposition, as found in other parts of the world, is lacking here, but is supplanted by something worse, "indifference." However, we have cause to rejoice, for the work is growing steadily and is firmly rooted. The reports of the missionaries at our last conference showed marked improvement, and an interest among the members that makes it possible to officer the branches and auxiliary organizations entirely by local members. This condition made it possible for all the elders to do country work during the past summer. Too much cannot be said about the good work of the *Era*. The inspiring articles and advice contained therein are constant help and great aids to us in our work.—*A. B. Larson* of the Pueblo Conference.

Mission Motto—More Missionaries

The work of the Lord is growing perhaps faster at the present time than ever before in the history of the Australian mission. A great deal of indifference is manifest by the people here, but despite this, we are finding some who are willing to recognize the truth. Our street meetings, held regularly on Friday evenings, are a great strength, not only in the progress of the work, but to the elders as well. Much literature is distributed at these meetings which helps to acquaint the people with the message that we are bearing to the world. We have been handicapped by the restrictions of the Australian government concerning the number of missionaries allowed in this country. The total number we have been allowed is 36, but President Hyde has been able to break down this barrier, in part at least. The government officials have recognized our appeal and granted us six more, which now makes the total 42. We have chosen as the motto of the Australian mission the 5th verse of the 112th Section of the Doctrine and Covenants: "Contend thou, therefore, morning by morning; and day after day, let thy warning voice go

forth; and when the night cometh let not the inhabitants of the earth slumber, because of thy speech." We have two organized branches in the New South Wales conference, and are doing work in many of the suburbs of Sydney. The strongest body of Priesthood in the mission is in this conference, and there is an average attendance of about 88% of the number enrolled. All the elders enjoy reading the *Era* and find much good in its articles. We all join in wishing you every success.—*LeGrande Moore*, Mission Secretary.



Top row, left to right: Morris B. Buckwalter, American Fork; W. Raymond Nielsen, Idaho Falls; Rulon S. Stromberg, Grantsville; James R. Webb, Kaysville; Jesse Lilywhite, Garland; LaVon Robison, Boise; Wilford L. Storrs, American Fork. Sitting: Carloine S. Hyde, Salt Lake City, president of Relief Societies; LeGrande Moore, Garland, mission secretary; Charles H. Hyde, Salt Lake, mission president; Rulon Knell, Pinto, president New South Wales conference;

“When the Summer Bids Farewell”

When the Summer bids farewell
For another year;
And the Autumn's ushered in,
Winter's drawing near.

When the morn shows signs of frost,
Cooler grows the breeze;
And the leaves come tumbling down
From the dying trees.

Can ye not look back and say,
Years are passing by;
Nature's fading slowly out,
Everything must die?

Soon will come the Fall of Life,
Spirits pass away;
Nature ever teaches this,
With her Autumn day.

But the rose will bloom again,
From her winter bed;
Verdant trees and fields anew,
O'er the earth will spread.

If the Lord, the blade of grass
Will give life again,
In his justice, life will come
To the souls of men.

Slowly pass the Autumn days;
Sing a joyful lay;
Everything will have sometime,
Resurrection day.

Salt Lake City.

N. OWEN CATMULL.

GEMS OF WISDOM

By President Brigham Young

SELECTED BY PRESTON NIBLEY

On coming to Salt Lake Valley.

"I do not wish men to understand I had anything to do with our people being moved here, that was the providence of the Almighty; it was the power of God that wrought out salvation for this people. I never could have devised such a plan."—*Journal of Discourses*, Vol. 4, page 41.

What he desired to live for.

"All I design to live for is to see the inhabitants of the earth acknowledge God, bow down to him and confess his supremacy. * * * As for me and all I have, it is the Lord's and shall be dedicated to him all my days."—*Deseret News*, Vol. 4, number 6.

The value of a testimony.

"The world, with all its wisdom and power, with all the glory and gilded show of its kings and potentates, sinks into perfect insignificance, compared with the simple, unadorned testimony of a servant of God."—*Deseret News*, Vol. 4, number 6.

Preferred farming to "gold hunting."

"I pray you in Christ's stead to let gold hunting alone. * * * Instead of hunting gold, let every man go to work at raising wheat, oats, barley, corn and vegetables and fruit in abundance that there may be plenty in the land."—*Journal of Discourses*, Vol. 12, page 202.

What real wealth is.

"We want to understand and do better than we have done, and be governed by the dictates of good, solid, sound sense in the use of the wealth, privileges and talents that are given to us in our present life. Let me ask, what is real wealth? Do you know? I say that *Time* is all the wealth we have."—*Journal of Discourses*, Vol. 17, page 72.

On giving to those who can earn.

"My experience has taught me and it has become a principle with me, that it is never any benefit to give, out and out, to man or woman, money, food, clothing or anything else, if they are able bodied, and can work and earn what they need, when there is anything on earth for them to do."—*Journal of Discourses*, Vol. 11, page 297.

Oratory not needed.

"The kingdom of our God that is set up on the earth does not require men of many words and flaming oratorical talents to establish truth and righteousness. * * * When I first commenced preaching, I made up my mind to declare the things that I understood, fearless of friends and threats, and regardless of caresses."—*Journal of Discourses*, Vol. 4, page 20.

Take care of your property.

"My implicit confidence in God causes me to husband every iota of property he gives me; I will take the best care of my farm, I will prepare the ground as well as I can, and put in the best seed I have got, and trust in God for the result, for it is the Lord that gives the increase."—*Journal of Discourses*, Vol. 4, page 26.

On healing the sick.

"It appears consistent with me to apply every remedy within the range of my knowledge, and to ask my Father in heaven, in the name of Jesus Christ, to sanctify that application to the healing of the body."—*Journal of Discourses*, Vol. 4, page 24.

On reading books.

"I might read books until Doomsday, and unless I apply the knowledge thus obtained I should know but little. Without the application of knowledge acquired by reading, it makes mere machines of us. We can tell what others have done but we know nothing ourselves."—*Journal of Discourses*, Vol. 14, page 39.

Treasure up wisdom.

"Since I have been in this Church and kingdom I have endeavored to learn and treasure up wisdom and good understanding, and then not to forget them. I have endeavored to gather to myself every principle that would promote righteousness in me and those who would hearken to my counsel."—*Deseret News*, Vol. 7, page 38.

What to pray for.

"Let every Saint, when he prays, ask God for the things he needs to enable him to promote righteousness on the earth. If you do not know what to ask for, let me tell you how to pray. When you pray in secret, or with your families, if you do not know anything to ask for, submit yourselves to your Father in heaven and beseech him to guide you by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, and to guide this people and dictate the affairs of his kingdom on the earth."—*Sermon*, Nov. 15, 1857.

On giving to the poor.

"I recollect once, when preaching in England, that I passed through Smithfield market, in Manchester, and I saw some very fine grapes just arrived from France. I spent a penny for some of them, but I had not taken half a dozen steps from the stand where I purchased them, before I saw an old lady passing along, who, I could tell by her appearance, was starving to death. Said I, 'I have done wrong in spending that penny. I should have given it to that old lady.' "—*Sermon* on May 6, 1870.

The Kingdom will abide forever.

"The Kingdom of God will roll on, and no power can stop the work that the Almighty has commenced. Kings, rulers, governors, presidents, peoples, and all the armies of hell joined with them, will never be able to impede the steady, onward, accelerated progress of this glorious latter-day work. If we should deny the faith of the holy gospel and go out of the Church, still it will roll on the same. This Kingdom will stand forever. This religion will abide the day of the coming of the Lord Jesus, and will prepare us to meet him in peace."—*Sermon*, March 4, 1860.

The plan of salvation.

"For me the plan of salvation must be a system that is pure and holy in all its points; it must circumscribe the knowledge that is upon the face of the earth; it must reveal things that no other church or kingdom can reveal, or it is not from God. Such a plan incorporates every system of true doctrine that is upon the earth, whether it be ecclesiastical, moral, philosophical, or civil; it incorporates all good laws that have been made from the days of Adam until now; it swallows up the laws of nations, for it exceeds them all in knowledge and purity; it circumscribes the doctrines of the day, and takes from the right and the left, and brings all truth together in one system, and leaves the chaff to be scattered hither and thither."—*Journal of Discourses*, Vol. 8, page 148.

Making Friends and Losing Enemies

BY RUSSELL L. HESS

Often one person has said of another: "He lost a friend and made an enemy." Nearly all classes of people are prone to accept this saying as very true in life. It might easily be modified, however, and turned about at times; for many are there in the world who, at first, have made enemies, and, then, through a friendly word, a kindly act, a generous deed, have made of them life-long friends. How easily friend are made and lost! A transaction in business may cause a man to make a friend or incur another's antagonism. Jealousy in love, in school association, and in everyday life, has frequently been the spark setting ablaze the wood of hatred.

Jesus, the Great Master, taught us, saying: "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you." How well do we remember his teaching, but how few of us ever carry it out!

All of us, at times, say things that are as a sting to others. What we say frequently causes others to think ill of us; and, had we spoken differently to them, they might have become to us new friends. The thoughtless utterance of one word can make enemies or friends who may remain in either role for life. When, either through lack of thought or of knowledge, someone has made of another an adversary, how much better would it be if, instead of letting pass whatever was the cause that incurred the enmity, that one had set about to right the wrong, and obtain a reconciliation with that new antagonist. Not everyday does one make friendships or enmities; yet, like "the course of true love" that "never runs smoothly," are one's friendships and companionships that do not always run harmoniously.

Among the jewels that are to be sought after because of their true worth in making for harmony and unity of spirit, that of losing enemies and making of them fast friends is one of the best.
Logan, Utah.

CHURCH MUSIC COMMITTEE

Chorister's Manual, Lesson XI.—Concerning Voice Production

BY EDWARD P. KIMBALL

Some things on tone quality have been given in previous lessons, but nothing relating to how tone generally, and in its varied qualities specifically, is produced. While correct tone placement, principles of resonance, proper breathing, etc., cannot be taught by mere description, still a consideration of some of these fundamentals operating in the use of the voice in singing will be helpful to many, and may serve to spur others on toward the study of the subject under the tutelage of competent voice teachers, so that more beautiful tone will be the aim of conductors of choirs, and the preservation of much voice material, which now is so frequently damaged by improper use, will result.

Our choir leaders are of two types: first, the vocalist who is called to the work because he is able to sing, but who frequently has had only meagre music training as such; second, the instrumentalist who plays well, and who is trained in the theory of music, but who has little conception or knowledge of the human voice as a result of his not being a singer, and who is apt to look upon it in much the same manner as he regards any musical instrument. Each type possesses an advantage over the other, but the ideal type would be a composite of the two, namely, a singer who is well trained musically, and an instrumentalist who can sing intelligently. It is hoped that this lesson will benefit both.

It will not be necessary to dwell on the manner in which the voice is produced. Any student who has studied physiology knows that, so the discussion will proceed at once to the consideration of a few basic principles in the use of that voice as a singing instrument. All authorities are agreed that good singing rests upon proper breathing. The revered Pacchiarotti said, "He who knows how to breathe knows how to sing." The eminent William Shakespeare of London observes that the two factors in perfect voice production are (1) freedom of the instrument, and (2) the control of the breath pressure." Details of breathing and breath-control are so much matters of controversy, even among great singers and teachers, that it would require great space to set forth all contentions. Authorities agree, however, on a number of things which are here enumerated. The full lungs should be used in breathing, instead of merely the upper portion. The body should be erect, with chest up, the shoulders held still, and Tetrzinni reminds us that all acts of breathing should be as easy and natural as possible. This does not imply that the breathing capacity cannot and should not be developed by practice, but, to the contrary, development here is possible, just as in any other organ or function.

The chest is like a cone-shaped box, with the small end upwards; the back being the spinal column; the top, the base of the neck; the front, the breast-bone; the sides, the ribs, most of them connected to the breast-bone; the base is the diaphragm, a large muscular membrane. This is the air-tight compartment which holds the breath, all of which must make its exit through the windpipe. The diaphragm is supported by a mass of fibers extending downwards and forwards, attached to the body in front near the soft place on the breast-bone, is attached to the sixth and lower ribs, finally

connected by two large masses of muscle to the backbone. When the lungs contain but little air, the diaphragm resembles an inverted basin, higher in the front than in the back. When a breath is drawn it contracts, and, becoming flatter, descends upon the organs underneath, so that considerable abdominal expansion is felt. The air-tight compartment is enlarged, and air is drawn from without to fill the increased space. As the lungs are filled, they descend with the diaphragm, and we experience a "deep breath." The singer must increase the supply of breath beyond what is required even in deep breathing, which he does by expanding the ribs. In all breathing, both in singing and in breathing exercises as such, the shoulders should be kept in their normal position. Any one interested in the operation of breathing should read a good book on physiology, or refer to the opening chapter of *The Art of Singing*, by William Shakespeare, or chapter two, *The Singer and His Art*, by Thaddeus Wrongski. In these works are given also extended exercises in breathing. The chorister is urged also to consult a proficient vocal teacher. Some eminent choir leaders advise a few minutes of breathing exercises before or during the choir rehearsal, but such exercises should not be taken unless the leader knows something about singing, and how to get value from such exercises.

Not only must the singers provide as large a supply of air as is possible but every bit of it should be used in the tone, and this for two reasons: first, that the breath may not be wasted, and second, that the purity of the tone may not be marred by escaping breath not vocalized, "breathiness." "The secret of expressive singing in sustained singing is absolutely steady tone combined with a perfect legato, and neither of these desirable things can be achieved without perfect breath control, this matter applying to choral singing as forcefully as it does to solo work."

The quality and carrying power of the voice depend more upon the use made of the resonance cavities of the head than upon the violence with which the vocal chords are made to vibrate. Musical instruments define their tone upon at least three things; the vibrating body, the force which sets the body in vibration, and the reinforcing medium of the tone thus produced (the sound-board of the piano, the body of the string instrument, the tube of a brass instrument, etc.). In the voice, as with other instruments, the quality of tone depends upon the disposition of the parts of the "resonator," through which the breath must pass after it has set the vocal chords in vibration—throat, palate, tongue, jaw, cavities of the mouth, nose, and, in fact, the whole head to some extent. Some things which regulate tone are placement, keeping the tongue down, proper use of the nose as a resonator, proper focusing of the tone against the roof of the mouth, opening the mouth at just the right distance, forming the lips the correct way, etc.

From what has been mentioned here so briefly, we will have shown that vocalization is so complex an art that it takes years of hard work to master, and it cannot be taught by correspondence. The purpose of mentioning some of its difficulties here is to emphasize to the chorister that singing is a serious business, and consists of more than the mere giving forth by the voice of tones on proper pitch. It would be valuable assistance if the choristers of a stake might have given to them by a professional vocalist a demonstration of the fundamentals of vocalization. There are plenty in the Church who might be secured to give such a demonstration. Those wishing to get expert written opinion on the subject are urged to read Wm. Shakespeare's *The Art of Singing*, the most comprehensive work on the subject in the English language. (Part 2 Lesson XI in the next Era.)

SUPPORTERS OF THE CHRISTMAS SEAL

BY JAMES H. WALLIS, EXECUTIVE SECRETARY UTAH PUBLIC HEALTH ASSOCIATION



Any movement that enlists the interest and partnership of the presidents of the country, the secretary of state and other cabinet members, General Pershing and the first lady of the land, as well as the Prince of Wales, Marshal Foch and other foreign visitors of note, must have back of it a great appeal.

The little newsboy, also, whose enthusiastic support has been enlisted is just as valuable, in his way, as a partner. Nobody could doubt that after reading the following incident.

"Please ma'am, may I have a cent's worth of Christmas seals," said the dirty-faced little newsboy, as he ran up to a booth in the Post Office lobby. "You know I buy a cent's worth every day," he explained proudly. "My sister, she has the 'con.' and I tell you those people treat our family swell. If anybody wants to know what I think of the Christmas Seal, you can tell 'em that I'm back of it."

Many of the supporters of the Christmas Seal have been distinguished men and women. They represent all professions and walks of life. Whether they are presidents, writers, actresses, newsboys or scrub-women, their desire to help has been equally inspirational and appreciated. They have all been partners in the educational campaign to get the best of tuberculosis.

In 1918, the year we were in the war, when approximately 70,000 American soldiers, sailors, and marines were killed or died from various causes, over 150,000 men, women and children in this country died from tuberculosis. For twenty years the work of educating people in the ways of health has been steadily increasing, with the result that the death rate has been cut in half. Last year there were less than 100,000 deaths. The little penny Christmas seals have had a great share in this remarkable decrease.

What have all these millions of supporters of the Christmas Seal helped to support? There are now over 600 hospitals and sanatoria (of which 17 years ago there were but 100) with nearly 70,000 beds; and over 600 clinics and dispensaries where persons may go for periodic physical examinations. Utah, however, has no place to which a person suffering with tuberculosis can be taken. At least 10,000 nurses who are detecting the disease in the schools and homes are giving, not only treatment, but helpful health instruction to mothers and children. Research workers and statisticians are collecting data of untold value. Publicity experts in the past 17 years have distributed millions of pieces of printed matter and thousands of columns of newspaper and magazine articles have helped to appeal to all ages, types and classes of both native and foreign born. Other forms of publicity are lecturers, speakers, demonstrations and exhibits, motion pictures, health plays and pageants, posters and stories. The Modern Health Crusade with an enrollment of over 8,000,000 school children, has been teaching these boys and girls good daily habits of health. For those who are mal-nourished or predisposed to tuberculosis at least 3,000 open-air schools, preventoria and outdoor camps have been established.

Dr. John A. Widtsoe has consented to act as State Chairman of the Christmas Seal Sale for Utah, and will have over one thousand men and women helping him. The sale commences Thanksgiving day and continues until Christmas Eve. Utah is called upon to raise \$50,000. All have a chance to support the Christmas seal.

PROPHECY AND HISTORY

A Study for the Advanced Senior Class M. I. A., 1924-25

HISTORY—THE FOUNDING OF UTAH

BY PROF. LEVI EDGAR YOUNG, OF THE UNIVERSITY OF UTAH

Lesson X. Chapter XXX, XXXI, XXXII

Introduction:—This lesson deals with various subjects pertaining to the educational and social history in early day Utah. How the pioneers fostered the theatre and created libraries in the wilderness is a story of sublime sacrifice on the part of the founders of Utah. The pioneers had to have some kind of amusements; they had to have recreation, for their days were filled with toil, and every one—men, women, children—knew the drudgery of hard work. They created their own amusements, and holding to ideals that were their heritage, they fostered libraries and built theatres; they had their concerts and dances, and indulged only in those recreations that rested body and mind, and gave them renewed hopes for the future.

It may be safely said that every company of immigrants over the plains carried books of some kind. The story is told of one pioneer who lived with his family in a dug-out during one winter, and at night read Aesop's Fables to his children. The pioneers had their dances, and they loved and encouraged the best in music. David O. Calder opened a music store in 1854, and across the plains were brought song books and musical instruments from New York City. James Dwyer's book store had the best books that were published, and the old records of Harper Brothers of New York show invoices of books that were shipped to Utah by way of St. Louis in the 50's.

You should emphasize in this lesson the history of the Theatre as well as the story of the encouragement for libraries throughout Utah. The "Mormon" people were readers in those days. They read wholesome books which made them think. Then they built their "Theatre in the Wilderness."

The "Mormons" had a theatre at Nauvoo and one of the chief promoters there of the drama was Joseph Smith. As early as 1842, one of the leading American actors played in the amusement hall of Nauvoo. This was John Lyne who had been playing leading role to Edwin Forrest and the elder Booth. In Nauvoo during that winter, 1842 the people saw "William Tell," "Virginius," "Damon and Pythias," and "Pizzarro." When the "Mormons" emigrated to the far West, they carried with them a love for the drama. William Winter, the great dramatic critic has said: "You must study popular amusements if you wish to understand the mental condition and tendencies of a people." Among the "Mormon" pioneers the stage was something more than for amusement; it was as sacred as the hearthstone.

The pioneers erected a "Bowery," in the summer of 1847, on Temple Block. Meetings and concerts were held there. Here the first play was staged in 1850. It was "Robert Macaire" or the "Two Murderers." The cast of this play was as follows:

Robert Macaire.....	John Kay	Waiter	Robert Campbell
Jacque Stropp.....	H. B. Clawson	Clementina	Robert Judd
Pierre	Philip Margetts	Celeste	Miss Orem

Several other plays and concerts were given that season. The first advertisement for a concert in the "Bowery" appeared in the *Deseret News* for June 29, 1850. It reads:

"We purpose giving another concert in the Bowery on Thursday evening, July 4," when we will endeavor to introduce an interesting variety of sentimental and comic pieces, and songs which will be new to the people of Deseret generally; together with some original pieces. In order to save time, and avoid confusion at the door, we shall have tickets for sale at the Tithing office and the Post Office, for twenty-five cents each. For further particulars, see bills. In behalf of the band.—*William Clayton*.

Plays and concerts were given in the "Bowery" until 1853, when the Social Hall was finished. This was the first theatre and concert hall in the far West.

Read Chapters XXX, XXXI, and XXXII.—These chapters will tell you about the history of the Salt Lake Theatre and will give you much information as to how the pioneers loved amusements in the early days. In connection with the subject of the drama and music, it will be well to tell something about the history of the Great Tabernacle and how it was built. The following paragraphs tell something about its history:

"It was in 1863 that the large Tabernacle was begun. President Young and the people had given the subject of building a large 'meeting house' due consideration. Brethren were called to the task, some contributing money, others giving their labor. In the spring and summer of 1863, men were busy getting out timber and sandstone from the mountains east of the city. The plan of the building was due to President Brigham Young, William H. Folsom, and Henry Grow.

"Mr. Grow had a unique scheme for the roof, a plan which was adopted and executed. Some few years before, he had built a bridge over the Jordan River, immediately west of the city. 'It was constructed after the Remington patent of lattice bridges, in which planking and pegs were used.' Mr. Grow was a bridge builder in his native state, Pennsylvania, and had constructed many bridges of the Remington type. On coming West, he obtained permission from the inventor to use the idea in Utah, and it was accepted by President Young as the one practical theory for the construction of the new house of worship. The two mechanics, Grow and Folsom, drew the plans for the building which will ever mark them as geniuses in the profession of architecture.

"At the semi-annual conference held in October, 1861, William H. Folsom was sustained as Church architect, and in April, 1863, 'Surveyor Jesse W. Fox began the survey for the Tabernacle just west of the Temple foundation.' It was William H. Folsom who superintended the erection of the building, and the work of construction began September 1, 1865. While there were delays at times, owing to the lack of timber and other material, the building was sufficiently completed for religious services in 1867. The sandstone used for the buttresses and foundation was brought from the quarries immediately east of the City. Large stones were placed on heavily constructed drays with two large wheels. It sometimes took two and three yoke of oxen to haul a load to the temple grounds. Men worked in well organized groups, and the construction went quietly and systematically on to completion. Masons, carpenters, and plasterers were brought from different parts of the territory and given work, and the maximum number of men employed during the construction was 205. An average of seventy men was employed in plastering the building, which was dedicated August 6, 1867. People came from all parts of the territory to attend the exercises. Some walked hundreds of miles to be present at the services, and great was their joy on seeing the house of worship completed."

Questions and Topics

Tell something about the early-day amusements in the town or city where you live. (If possible have some of the pioneers come and tell what they did for amusements.)

Where was the first amusement hall of your town? Was there a theatre in early days?

Give the story of the building of the old Social Hall. Where was it located?

Tell the history of the building of the Salt Lake Theatre. What great actors have you seen on its stage? Why should the building be preserved? What does it mean to you.

Give something of the history of the great Tabernacle. Why is it an interesting building to you?

Tell about the first public library in Utah. Where were the books purchased? What did the library cost? And where was the money for it obtained? Quote some of the old laws pertaining to libraries.

Comment on the following statement:

People whose lives are influenced by a deep religious idealism have found expression of that idealism in erecting magnificent buildings, and creating high standards of art. In the days of King Solomon a temple was built to Jehovah. It was a central holy place, to which all the tribes of Palestine might come and pay homage. It created a loyalty to the dynasty of Solomon which tended to a higher ethical and civic standard, and was a place of worship as well as prayer for the priesthood of God. The Greeks gave to the world the most beautiful Temple of ancient classical days, the Parthenon. It stood on the Acropolis and invited thousands to the sacred shrine of Athena.

Many of the Roman Temples still stand to attest the deep-seated beliefs of ancient Pagan times, and during the Middle Ages the cathedrals were built as monuments to the faith of the people in Jesus Christ as the Redeemer of the World. The Milan Cathedral, Westminster Abbey in London and the beautiful Notre Dame of Paris, are all the creations of peoples deeply religious. So in all history, religion when conducive of high moral endeavor and intellectual development expresses itself in the production of great pictures and sculptured forms in art, and eventually in the building of places of worship, where the Spirit of God may come and enter the hearts of the worshippers with mellowing, warming influence. The Sun Temple in the Mesa Verde National Park, Colorado, tells of a group of people moved by high religious idealism, and the temples of Mexico and Central America attest the character of the inhabitants who once dwelt in those climes.

Lesson XI. Chapters XXXIII, XXXIV, XXXV.

Introduction.—In lesson XI, it will be well to emphasize something of the lives of our early day writers. I recommend that you make a list of the men and women who have left us a literature that is distinct and individualistic. Among some of those names will be Orson Pratt, Orson Spencer, Sarah Carmichael, Eliza R. Snow, Emeline B. Wells, Henry Naisbitt, Emily H. Woodmansee, Edward W. Tullidge, and John Lyon.

A word about Orson Pratt. He was a great student of theology and philosophy. He was a scientist as well, and his book on *Biquadratic Equations* was published in London in the early sixties. Genius is always original; but Orson Pratt had genius of a subtle kind. In a new country with but few opportunities, he outstripped all with his learning. His mind took in the largest ideas, and held them firmly. He read John Locke and was a life long student of Emanuel Kant, whose books he read in the original German. A thinker from boyhood, he learned to

write in his youth. A keen observer in natural science, he reasoned out many principles afterwards discovered by experiment. A profound mathematician, "he had a keen wit, and a potential imagination." He used to say: "Let me live with all my might while I do live." Orson Pratt was one of the great thinkers in American History.

Questions and Topics

Can you give any reasons why the "Mormon" pioneers loved good books and learning? Give the story of the founding of the *Deseret News*.

Why were many of the early-day writers inspired to write?

Name four writers of the early days about whom you can say something. What have you read of the work of John Lyon, Sarah Carmichael, Orson Pratt, and Orson Spencer? (*Orson Spencer's Letters* are among the great writings on "Mormon" theology that we have.)

Who were some of the musicians of early days? Some of the artists? "Hamlet" was played on the stage of the Salt Lake Theatre, in 1866, and the Messiah of Handel was given in the Tabernacle. What is the play of "Hamlet?" Who was Hayden and what is the "Messiah?"

Tell about the societies of early days, organized for the study of science and philosophy.

What do the playing of "Hamlet" and the singing of the "Messiah" indicate as to the ideals of the pioneers of Utah?"

Were there any writers in the early days in the town or city where you live? What have you done to preserve their writings?

The following will tell you something about the history of the tabernacle organ. It is an expression of the people's love for art and music.

The building of that great organ is inseparably connected with the name of Joseph H. Ridges. He was a native of England, but emigrated from Australia to America in 1856. In Australia Mr. Ridges followed the trade of carpentry, and worked in a music factory, where by his careful observation he learned many details of organ building, which stood him well in his future work in Utah. A student of history, he was accustomed to speak on the music of the Middle Ages, and it is said that he was well acquainted with the Gregorian chants and the music of the old Cathedral days. Fascinating was his story of Ctesibius of Alexandria, who lived in the third century before Christ. It was he who invented the mechanically blown trumpet, and Hero, his disciple, caused a row of musical pipes to be blown by mechanical means.

In the early sixties, Mr. Ridges was selected by President Brigham Young to build an organ in the Tabernacle, and the idea endorsed by a host of other citizens, among whom were David O. Calder, Daniel H. Wells, George A. Smith, Alexander C. Pyper, and Dr. J. M. Benedict. After submitting preliminary drafts to President Young and his counselors, Mr. Ridges began making arrangements for the construction of the instrument, and was assisted by his associates, Shure Olsen, Niels Johnson, Henry Taylor, Frank Woods, and others. Meetings were held with these men almost daily, and the reports of each man's work were listened to. While one was collecting various specimens of wood from the canyons of Utah, another was devising good tools to work the wood with, while still a third man was experimenting in making glue. So the preliminary work went on. Specimens of wood were sent by the colonists from all over Utah, and it was finally decided that the best wood was found in the hills around Parowan and in Pine Valley, more than 300 miles south of Salt Lake City. It was a fine grain of the white pine variety, free from knots and without much pitch or gum. For the large pipes, it was especially well adapted.

The larger pipes, some of which measure thirty-two feet, required thousands of feet of timber, all of which was sawed on the ground where the trees were cut down. Over the long, lonely roads trudged the oxen day by day, hauling the

heavy logs to Salt Lake City. At times there were as many as twenty large wagons, each with three yoke of oxen drawing its load. The roads were rough and dusty, and many streams had to be bridged, that the wagons could pass over without difficulty. In crossing one stream in southern Utah the logs were let down over the bank with ropes and the oxen driven some miles to find a ford, where they crossed and followed on down the bank to pick up the wagons and loads again. The timber was finally landed in Salt Lake City. Another important necessity for making the pipes was glue. This was made of hundreds of cattle hides as well as buffalo skins, by boiling the strips in large pots over fires.

The organ was begun in January, 1866. About one hundred men were employed constantly in its construction, and it was dedicated in October, 1867.

Lesson XII. Read Part IV *Founding of Utah*

This part tells how the people crossed the plains in early days, by ox team and stage coach. The story of the building of the transcontinental railroad and telegraph is emphasized. The last chapter of the book—chapter XL—gives something about the economic and social conditions in Utah today. In giving the last lesson in *The Founding of Utah*, the opening paragraph of Chapter XXXVI, should be read carefully. It is:

From ox-team to airship has been the development of transportation in Utah since 1847. Our fathers and mothers will remember when Salt Lake City was a thousand miles from the railroad. The story of transportation in Utah which began with the six-yoke ox-team and emigrant wagons, tells of the freighters, pony express, overland mail, and daily overland stage, the coming of the railroad in 1869, and finally the automobile and aeroplane. This, in the short time of seventy years, is a development more remarkable than any other line of progress in the world's history.

One last word. I hope that the study of the *Founding of Utah* will inspire the men and women of Utah to a greater love for the history of the pioneers. Poverty was a stern, but successful, teacher. The people were poor in the early days. Their first problem was that of existence. Gradually the richness and abundance of our natural resources was realized; slowly capital was accumulated and vested in all manner of industries. The intellectual life of early day Utah expressed itself in schools and educational work of a high order. The theatre and libraries were built, and the pioneers recognized the essential relationship between knowledge and power.

Read all of Part IV, or chapters XXXVI to XL, inclusive. It will be well for the members of the class to give in imagination a trip across the plains to Utah, by ox team in the early 50's. Then contrast this trip with one they make to the Missouri river today.

Questions and Topics

Tell a story of the ox-team days.

Give the history of the building of the transcontinental railroad and telegraph.

What was the pony express? Why was it important in our history?

(Have some pioneer tell about his overland trip in the early days.)

Tell about some of the difficulties and hardships of the plains in crossing to Utah, by stage coach or ox team.

Why is Utah a great State today? (See the last chapter of *Founding of Utah*.)

DETERMINED YOUTH AND EDUCATION

BY G. P. BARBER, PRINCIPAL CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL

[Some people think that all the pioneering was done back in the 40's and 60's. We are still at it in Utah and other parts of the West. Witness this account from the southern slopes of the thousand-laked Uintahs. As in the days of '47 and up, churches and schools come first.—EDITORS.]

I often read, each time with increased interest, of the early educational attempts in Utah. The first school in the state was opened in the Old Fort, Salt Lake City, a little more than three months after the arrival of the pioneers. In those times there was little or no money and teachers taught for the love of the profession, or because their sense of duty prompted them to do so. Clarissa Browning was one of the first teachers. She opened a school in Ogden, in 1849. There were no books, so she cut up a bundle of newspapers which she had brought across the plains with her and used them as texts for her pupils. Her first month's salary was a piece of buckskin which she made into gloves and sold to the gold seekers, enroute to California. The first school was held in her cabin, but by the winter of 1850-51 it had grown too large for such limited quarters and was moved into the Bowery. Here the teacher and pupils gathered about a large camp-fire and alternately shivered and read from the newspaper readers. I am indebted to Professor Levi Edgar Young's *Founding of Utah* for these bits of history.

The history of the University of Utah, or the University of Deseret as it was originally called, is replete with romance to us today, but it was disheartening disappointment and near tragedy to those who were first concerned with its commencement.

Parallels to these educational struggles seem lacking in these more prepossessing days, when we may sit back smugly and complacently and take stock of our modern and completely-equipped high schools, almost within a stone's throw of our doors. To most of the boys and girls of Utah today, who are attending high school in beautiful, well-ventilated, comfortable and oftentimes almost palatial buildings constructed especially for the purpose, it seems unthinkable that financial or other conditions should make it imperative the holding of a secondary school in an abandoned farmhouse, three miles from any town, in this educationally auspicious age.

But I know of at least one case, and there are probably several more. A year ago today the present Central High School between the towns of Boneta, Talmage and Mountain Home, in Duchesne county, Utah, existed only in the minds of the board of education; and, in all probability, its existence there was transitory and vague. However,

one cannot always figure to an exact mathematical degree the bounds to which enthusiasm will carry youth—which is the soul of this brief article.

During the summer of 1923, the people of the three towns requested the county board of education to provide them with a ninth



Top: Enroute to the field day exercises at Roosevelt. Bottom: The student body of Central High, on the opening day of school, September 15, 1924.

grade, the school to be located between the towns so that it would be alike available to all. In spite of the fact that funds were very limited, and new ventures were not being especially encouraged at this time, the request was granted. The school, however, did not open its doors until October 15, due to the fact that a teacher could not be secured to instruct the boys and girls. But finally, after a month's

lapse of time, a teacher arrived on the scene and school commenced in a log cabin with five students enrolled.

That first winter is now history, but many of the students who first attended Cedar high school (later changed to Central high school) will relate incidents of the winter to their grandchildren in times to come. Fortunately, the winter was not cold, as the building was old and open and the wind swept savagely across the cedar-covered ridges. Gradually, as the weeks went by, the enrollment increased to fifteen and hovered near that mark all winter. The students rode horseback to school, some riding six miles to school in the morning and six miles back at night. The majority stuck doggedly at it. Their chief relaxation from the arduous course of study was an occasional peanut



One of the horses brought in to be judged by the youthful stockmen at the field day exercises.

“bust,” a spelling bee, or a “chickaree.” The young and thriving family of kittens which had made its home under the schoolhouse furnished the school with music, often in discord and at inopportune times.

All things must end. The long year finally drew to a close, and in the last day's class exercises nine plucky youngsters marched up and stood before their pedagogue, in the presence of their justly proud parents, and received their certificates of hard-earned promotion. The exercises were held under the starry sky, and it is likely that as each name was read the stars twinkled even more brilliantly, and the man in the moon smiled appreciatively. Perhaps he said, “This is the stuff of which *men* are made.”

As a fitting climax to a year of hard work and obstacles overcome, the student body, consisting of twelve doughty students (three had entered too late to receive promotion), secured a truck and drove to

Roosevelt to participate in the Field Day exercises, open to all county ninth and tenth grades. Night found the gladiators tired but happy, with a tie for first place with their most feared and considerably larger opponent, Duchesne high school, securely tucked away.

The curtain falls on that first year as the truck with its lone driver disappears into the night, and "Three cheers for old Central" from twelve lusty throats come to a lingering close upon the springtime air.

During the summer plans were perfected for a four-room high school building to be erected by the people of Boneta, Talmage and Mountain Home. Excavation was completed and work proceeding nicely when an unexpected obstacle presented itself. The summer was dry throughout the entire Western country and the Uinta Basin did not escape the drought. Many streams dried up and the consequent loss of water power prevented the ambitious schoolhouse builders from getting their lumber sawed. The new building was delayed for a year but a lean-to was constructed on the old building, thus providing more commodious quarters than the school had enjoyed the previous year.

September 15, 1924, Central high school, now boasting a ninth and tenth grade, two teachers and a student body of twenty-three boys and girls eager to improve their chances in the world, officially commenced business. At the date of this writing there are thirty-five students enrolled and more coming daily. The Uinta Basin is a new country, it is off the railroad, it is sparsely settled, and the making of a living is the first consideration. So, ditch-work and fall harvesting must take precedence over education for a time in the fall when work is most pressing.

The wide-awake and progressive student body has already purchased a piano on its own responsibility, and is contemplating buying a sewing machine. The opera, *Love Pirates of Hawaii* was scheduled for Thanksgiving day. The students "put out" a four-page newspaper and have a football team that is the pride of the whole county. It is doubtful if there is a more energetic and ambitious group of high school students in the entire state. The instructors place emphasis upon the practical, or more properly, the vocational side of education, as suits the needs of the community, and the youngsters tackle the problems with contagious enthusiasm. Stock judging, seed collecting, milk testing, soil analysis, and like projects, absorb the boys' attention, while dressmaking, millinery and art needlework are of equal interest to the girls.

What the future holds in store for Central high school is not difficult to predict. The students are determined that the school shall grow. It is assuming a power in the community that indicates that its growth will be rapid and stable. A four-year, full-fledged high school is assured, according to those who are in a position to know.

YE CENTRALIAN

He rides to school on a raw-boned bay, a broncho of ill repute,
 He wears at his throat a gay bandan', a Stetson surmounts his brow;
 His spurs a-jingle, our hero comes, repeating, with musical whoop,
 The song he sings on the midnight watch while guarding his restless cows.

A child of latitude wide is he, as creature that roams the wild,
 To him the plains are an open book, the stars his friends and the storm;
 But when he enters the realms of books his nature at once grows mild,
 He flings to the winds his guise of the range and borrows ye scholarly form.

He delves with zest into problems of math., and tackles with infinite glee
 The essays of Emerson, Addison, Lamb, and numberless parts of speech.
 Science to him is a thing of charms—such theme as astronomy
 Is never beyond ye scholarly grasp but well within his reach.

There came a swarthy, vaunted host of doughty football men
 From yonder school across the dell our plucky team to do;
 But huge of brawn and quick of head our heroes strove, and when
 Ye whistle blew of men alive our foes had very few.

They tackled left, they tacked right, below ye fatal knee,
 And piled the enemy in mounds like goodly stacks of hay;
 The slaughter like ye Waterloo could scarce more bloody be,
 And sadder much and wiser far our foemen went away.

And then rejoiceth all the school, and raised our heroes high
 Upon the shoulders of the strong with sundry bursts of cheer;
 The banners wave, the bugles blow with strident, brassy cry,
 And all the students shout, "Behold! The peerless of the peer!"

He plays with skill the shrilly flute and rolls the rattling drum,
 And sings full well ye modern songs, and apes ye classic wits;
 Ye athlete, ardent scholar, wit—then too he doth the banjo strum,
 Enough, my friends, you see. Centralian is youth of varied bits.
Boneta, Utah.

 Judge Not

How oft we judge our dearest friends	The outside coat is all we see,
For things they may say or do;	We know so little of the cause;
We add a burden to their souls,	Perhaps if we could see as they,
And make their hearts feel heavy,	We'd let our words die in a pause.
too.	

For unkind words expressed in haste	If we could take him by the hand,
Oft cause the speaker sad regret,	And guide him from the snares
The injured one you may forgive,	he's sown,
But in his heart he can't forget.	We'd keep him from the depth of
	sin,
	From which he needs must climb
	alone.

How often when we see a friend	
Departing from the path of right,	'Tis oft we sin in other's eyes.
We give him knocks that push him	We sometimes hate and hold a
down,	grudge;
Instead of helping win his fight.	But we ourselves, not perfect yet,
	So God alone should be the judge.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

LEO. W. ALLEN.

RECREATION AND SOCIAL SERVICE

A very interesting report on the Eleventh Recreation Congress, held at Atlantic City, New Jersey, October 16-21, 1924, and attended by Oscar A. Kirkham, Chief Executive of the Y. M. M. I. A., was given to the General Board at a recent joint meeting

The Recreation Congress was under the direction of the Playground and Recreation Association of America, a national civic organization, whose purpose is to secure wholesome play and recreation opportunity for young and old, to help cities and small communities establish year-round recreation systems, to make the spare time of America count for citizenship. It is supported by the contributions of individuals who believe in the recreation movement. It was organized more than 18 years ago, and among the leaders have been Joseph Lee, Theodore Roosevelt, Luther H. Gulick, Jacob Riis, Jane Addams, John Finley and others. The Association answers hundreds of questions each month through letters and personal conferences, publishes a monthly magazine, the *Playground*, also pamphlets and handbooks, etc. A group of field secretaries work throughout the country helping cities to get started on a recreation program on a year-round basis.

Some of the high lights of the report on the Conference of National Playground and Recreation Association of America, were reported by Executive Kirkham as follows:

At the opening session of the conference, Dr. John H. Finley, associate editor to the *New York Times*, said:

"Take the bitter with the sweet as sweet and bitter come, and play the game; that is the essence of good sportsmanship, and sportsmanship is needed in every daily contact, every crisis of life. But nowhere is it so well earned as through play. Play is the birthright of every child born in this land where freedom to pursue happiness is promised to all. It is the prerogative of the adult as well. People do not stop playing because they grow old, but grow old because they stop playing. The value of play is that in most of its expressions it is teaching honesty, fairness, quickness of decision, self-control, resourcefulness and loyalty."

President Joseph Lee of the Playground and Recreation Association of America, during his opening address, said:

"Besides the good and the true, man needs the beautiful. It is a dimension of his soul. No life, no action is successful unless it reaches the point where it sings. We cannot watch a child make a sand cake, an artist listening for what nature says to him, without seeing that it is an act of worship. It is deep calling unto deep, the voice of nature to the voice within. Man is a live wire that connects these poles and wins his life as this current passes through him."

Recreation facilities should be provided for Sunday use, but rec-

recreation departments of cities should not organize Sunday recreation events, was the consensus of opinion at the meeting of recreation executives.

William Van DeWal of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, representing the Bureau of Mental Health of the Pennsylvania Department of Welfare, said:

"Music has been an aid to discipline in institutions for the care of the mentally disabled. It does for the so-called abnormal mind what it does for the normal mind in dispelling gloom and creating a normal emotional reaction. It is a normal emotional release and prevents outbreaks resulting from emotional suppressions. Civilization has done far more with our mental faculties than with our emotional make-up in developing human society."

He made an appeal for musicians to help mental institutions, as some very astonishing results have been produced where careful work has been done.

Dr. J. H. McCurdy of the International Y. M. C. A., said:

"Modern education and environment have seriously interfered with the development of the sensory motor system. If we do not want our boys and girls to grow up to be bleacherites, whose only muscular satisfaction is in throwing pop bottles at professional ball games, we must train them through physical education to develop the fundamental skills which are necessary to later enjoyment of life."

He stated further that the Aviation Medical Corps found during the war that 92% of the deaths of aviators were due to human factors, and only 8% to enemy bullets and faulty machines. Laws for universal physical education in the schools have increased from 11 to 33, since 1918, when the National Physical Education Service, a department of the Playground and Recreation Association of America, was organized, in Atlantic City.

Dr. Elizabeth K. Adams, educational secretary of the Girl Scouts, said:

"The girl of today cannot be blamed for excesses if we continue to feed her vicarious and exaggerated amusements and to exploit her for commercial gain. We are spraying girls with a constant stream of stimulation and suggestions of highly emotional and exaggerated character. Many unreal motion pictures and magazines and newspaper stories are providing thrills without the necessary background of experience."

Frank Alva Parsons, president of the New York School of Fine and Applied Arts, said:

"We are what we live in; our houses express us, and we are colored and shaped by our houses. We are egotists and our clothes are our most personal art manifestations. Since our reputations are more vital in this jazz age than our characters, publicity and advertising are the art that gets across to the public. America is suffering from the new American trinity: Scientization, Standardization, and Acceleration. Everything has to be scientized from religion to the lunch counter. To talk without talking psychology is to be illiterate. Individuality and common sense are disappearing through standardization. Mass production seems to come about with

no brains apparent in the process. Jazz is the expression of a jazz mind. We do what we are."

After these extreme expressions, he made an earnest appeal for the development of art in the American home and community life, saying, "Art is fitness to purpose. Art is appropriateness. Art is man's expression of beauty. Nature is God's expression of beauty."

Dr. Koch of the University of North Carolina, has organized a bureau of community drama to meet the state-wide demand for aid in drama writing and production. The state holds an annual institution for practical instruction in the art of the theatre. A state dramatic championship contest is held.

"The soul of the folk play," said Professor Koch, "is simple, sometimes crude, but always near to the good, strong, wind-swept soil. It tells of the long bitter winters in the little sod shanty, but it sings, too, of the springtime, of sunshine, and the wilderness gay with wild roses, and the fenceless fields, welling over with lark song. If a community is to open its soul, it must be through expression in all of the arts. Community drama gives an excellent opportunity for this expression."

Would it not be an excellent idea if we of the M. I. A. were to offer a prize for the best one-act play written on some theme taken from the history of our people, or developing one of the principles of our religion?

Extensive reports on dancing, the latest word in community song, drama, music and recreation, and social dancing were discussed in the Congress, and a summary of the best and newest ideas in these topics were also presented to the Boards of the M. I. A. by Executive Kirkham.

Contrast

A pauper is he
 Though a Midas he be,
 If he knows not
 To use well his treasure;
 A mendicant, too,
 He who cannot be true
 To aught but the gay god of pleasure.

There is naught can destroy his high altars.
 More than silver or gold
 Is his power four fold;
 From guile free as the rippling waters;
 And wealthy is he,
 Whose heart is as free.

His soul sings a song
 Through all his life long,
 As joyous as first notes of springtime;
 Each day on the earth
 Brings him a rebirth,
 And his smile is as glad as the sunshine.

Provo, Utah

GRACE INGLES FROST

WHAT WILL IT GET ME?

BY LOUIS W. LARSEN

"Ah, you ain't no artist," jeered a tousel-headed lad.

"I know it, but I'm goin' to be," retored his playfellow good-humoredly.

"C'mon, chuck the easel—le's go swimmin'."

"Nope, not fer two hours, maybe tree—not till I can do this sketch backwards, standin' on my head."

"Ta-ta, then, booby, stick to your charcoal. Bet 'Ill know the spiral dive and the breast stroke before you know art—ta-ta!"

That is a sketchy bit of lialogue between two high-school boys, as I recall it after four years. I knew both of them quite intimately then; and I know them pretty well now.

Well, the one's prediction came true; he did master all the quirks of fancy swimming long before the other boy had become a passable artist. I remember that he figured quite prominently in inter-school aquatic meets, and broke a state record or two. He had his picture in the paper, on the sports page, and was the idol of his friends.

That was two years ago. He is now in his twenties, and the glamorous old school days are but a memory. He dropped out of school before graduation, because his devotion to swimming caused his lessons to lag. Today he is driving a delivery wagon, at a small wage, with no better prospect in sight. Other boys have taken his place on the spring board and in the sports news; he is all but forgotten.

The other boy, the "artist," has won success, too. He is not famous, perhaps never will be. Never has he figured in the daily news nor had his likeness reproduced. But he has made a fine beginning in commercial art. He is already earning a fair salary, with chance for advancement, no end!

This chapter of boyhood is typical of youth, of life itself. It reflects the grim tragedy of needless failure, and portrays the fulfilment of hope and work. It is the "hope" side of the picture I should like to emphasize to all boys who have still their winning years before them.

Swimming is a fine accomplishment for any boy, or man. But as a career it is a poor makeshift. It is one of the many exhilarating activities that should be made subordinate and incidental to serious work. When the scheme of things gets turned about, disappointment surely follows. And in how many pitiful thousands of cases does the scheme of things get turned about!

And then there are scores of other pastimes that are not even wholesome recreation; they have not the saving virtue of contributing

to physical development. Sitting astride a fence rail, whittling on a stick, is one of them. It isn't exercise, and the product of the labor is mere waste, shavings that are caught up by the wind and blown to nowhere.

If one is not jealous of his time, he will fall into a lot of loose habits as wasteful and meaningless as whittling in the sun. An occasional sun bath is tonic, to be sure, but too much lolling exposure saps the energy and makes for flabby muscle and sluggish mind.

It is no exaggeration to say that the average boy wastes enough time to learn a profession or a trade. He cannot be a drudge, of course. No sensible person would claim that. There must be hours devoted to play, out in the sunshine. But time frittered away beyond the point of honest recreation is a pitiless squandering of the stuff life is made of.

I have seen boys stand at the curb by the hour watching the progress of a baseball game that is being played hundreds of miles away. That seems to me one of the strange paradoxes of life, symbol of a lack of vision; the pursuing of a will-o'-the-wisp, when the great prize, tangible and real, is right at hand.

True, baseball is fine, in the right amount, time and place; a real achievement, if you can play it, a royal sport to witness from the bleachers. But what a tragedy when a chap who is growing up ignores the call to opportunity and loses himself, day after day, in a crowd of sidewalk baseball fans.

It isn't that anyone objects to the occasional indulgence in things that are trivial. It is the habit of triviality that blocks the way to progress and thwarts hope. Don't get the habit—that is my warning.

There is an American expression I would recommend to every young man; it is almost worth adopting as a slogan. It is blunt, a little undignified, maybe a wee bit selfish; but it is more good than bad, and I'm going to propose it. "What will it get me?" is the phrase I have in mind. Here is a test to apply to every pastime that bids for your attention. It is the proverbial "acid test" and easy to use as a gauge of value.

A fellow should be as jealous of his time as he is of his self respect; because if he loses either, it is gone forever. It is well worth asking yourself, before you launch a project or allow yourself to be lured into a pastime, "What will it get me?" Youth is the period of training, a time when a young man must look rigorously to his own vocational interest. One stakes his whole chance for success on the things he gives his mind to during these precious years. Social service, the larger outlook, will follow in its own good time. Sometimes self-interest is the public weal in drab disguise.

There are boys who devote every other evening to card playing, a dangerous pitfall if it grows to be a habit. Time is like money,

one's use of it makes him either a wise spender or foolish spendthrift. A prodigal indulgence in any game is literally throwing wealth to the winds.

Come to think of it, time is like money in another respect: there are hundreds of ways to invest it, most of them alluring enough, and yet worthless. Baubles we purchase with our "loose change" please the eye for the moment, but they soon pass out of our lives forever.

So, when you spend your time, be sure you are making an investment and not a speculation. Most work, if it drives in a single direction, is an investment; while most play, if it has no drift or purpose, is a speculation. It is worse, even; it is a gamble at terrific odds.

If one responded to all the invitations, social and other, his schedule would be full to distraction. He would be a mere vagrant, diverted here and there by everybody's whim. One must learn to hold his own compass and steer his own course, full against the winds, if need be, straight for the port he has chosen for his destination. To yield the rudder to other hands is to jeopardize the entire journey.

It is a matter of sheer self-preservation to learn to say "no," emphatically and often; to oppose the wish of a well-meaning friend who besets one with endless invitations. Who knows so well as the pilot of the ship, the direction of its going, the time and place of its scheduled arrival, and the emperilment of precious freight, by any deviation from the course?

The young man must learn to apply the test of real and ultimate value. He should ask himself at every turn: "What will it get me?" He must learn early in life what things to do, and what things to leave undone. The latter sometimes requires more true discrimination than the former. A great newspaper editor once said that the best qualification of an editor is to know what to leave out of print. It is a good rule to apply to one's daily living.

This kind of rigorous self-discipline is exactly the price you will have to pay for any success worth while. You will be called a "piker" by some, and suspected of selfishness by others; but the things you will some day accomplish, after the period of training, will vindicate you.

Animals have rights as well as people.

Most birds are a great help to the farmer.

It pays to take good care of domestic animals.

All cruelty degrades the person who practices it.

To abuse any innocent and helpless creature is mean, cruel and cowardly.

Editors' Table

At Christmas Tide

The first article of faith of the Latter-day Saints declares that: "We believe in God, the eternal Father, and in his Son, Jesus Christ, and in the Holy Ghost."

A fundamental in the faith of the Latter-day Saints is the belief that we are the children of God. We existed before we came to this earth, and we shall exist when this body is laid down in the grave. Furthermore, we believe in Jesus Christ, and that if we keep his commandments and are faithful, enduring to the end, we shall obtain eternal life, which is the greatest of all the gifts of God to man; and the person who has eternal life is therefore rich in very deed.

And what is eternal life? Jesus said: "This is life eternal, that they might know thee, the only true God and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent." And how shall we know Christ? The things of God, we are told, are known to no man except by the Spirit of God, and no man can say that Jesus is the Lord but by the Holy Ghost. The importance, therefore, of receiving the Holy Ghost is paramount.

How shall the Holy Ghost be obtained? becomes a leading question with every soul, since, without him, one cannot get a testimony of Jesus Christ. Peter, the apostle, pointed the way clearly in his remarkable Pentecostal sermon to the multitude, when he said: "Repent, and be baptized, every one of you, in the name of Jesus Christ, for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost, for the promise is unto you, and unto your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call."

The Latter-day Saints have complied with this injunction and are in possession of the Holy Ghost as a gift from God by the imposition of hands by Divine authority in the Latter-days, through the instrumentality of the Prophet Joseph Smith. Having thus received the Holy Ghost, following their repentance and baptism, they are entitled to all the blessings and privileges that this personage of the Godhead is prepared to give in person and through his powers and influences to those who have complied with these gospel laws, and who make proper use of this precious gift. They are prepared to know the Father and the Son, of whom the Holy Ghost is a direct witness.

We sometimes confuse the Holy Ghost, who is a personage of spirit, with the powers and influences that emanate from the Godhead through the Holy Ghost, which powers and influences are sometimes called the Holy Spirit, and which permeate all life and all living

things upon the earth. But to those who have repented of their sins and been baptized, who have had hands laid upon them by authority and received the gift and made proper use of it, to them the Holy Ghost, the Teacher of the Father, becomes a special and increased light, a guide to their feet, and a witness of the Father and the Son. By right living, and through this minister of the Godhead, these may receive an abiding knowledge of God and his Son, which is eternal life. Being enlightened by the Holy Ghost, they are able to testify that God is the Father in whose likeness we were created, and that Jesus Christ who was crucified for the sins of the world, is the name given of the Father whereby man can be saved, and that there is no other name through which salvation can come. To them who have complied with the requirements necessary to obtain this knowledge, the Holy Ghost witnesses that Jesus Christ is the actual Son of the living God, our Lord and Redeemer, the first fruits of the resurrection, the creator of heaven and earth. They have learned to know Christ, our Lord. To these people the testimony is given direct, and to others it is given to believe on their words that they also might have eternal life, if they continue in the faith.

At all times, and especially on this day, celebrated as the anniversary of the birth of our Lord and Savior, the Latter-day Saints have this abiding testimony and declare and witness before the world by the power of the Holy Ghost that Jesus Christ lives, that he stands at the head and directs his Church, through his constituted authority, that he is one in the Father, and knoweth all things. The people in all the world are called upon to repent of their sins and to be baptized by one having authority, that by the same authority, they may obtain the gift of the Holy Ghost, so that they, too, may know the living God and serve him in the name of his Son Jesus Christ who is our advocate with the Father, whom to know is life eternal.—A.

Celebrating Our Fiftieth Anniversary

The Y. M. M. I. A. is fifty years old on June 10, 1925. It began with a few members in the Thirteenth ward of Salt Lake City at a meeting held there on the 10th day of June, 1875, when the first Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association in the Church, under the direction of the authorities, was organized. From this nucleus has steadily grown the great system as it exists today. Without departing from its fundamental design, several progressive evolutions have taken place in its methods and functions, until today the association practically provides every activity desired by the youth of the Church in study, social affairs, recreation, and religious and literary instruction.

As an organization of young men, the Y. M. M. I. A. may well

be counted the liveliest and best in spirit and purpose of any combination of youth in America. In the ninety-two stakes of the Church there are approximately 900 separate societies with a total membership of about 45,000. This number will be largely augmented and will exceed 50,000 by next June, since each of the wards throughout the Church is making a commendable effort to swell its membership by at least 15% by that time.

As to the celebration, the details of the exercises have not yet been decided upon but a great parade is contemplated, in which undoubtedly, will be presented the banners containing the slogans, which in the past decade have come into use as the rallying cry to concentrate the efforts of the membership to live the gospel standards. The great slogan of the organization is: "The Glory of God is Intelligence," and there have been eleven others. The aim of the organization is to assist every young man to complete living on the foundation of faith in God and his great latter-day work. During the celebration there will be devotional meetings, and it is proposed that there shall be contests in musical, literary, dramatic, recreational and other activities. It is also designed that there shall be a Boy Scout encampment. Prizes will be offered for a poem, a song, a short one-act play; perhaps a great concert and a boys' band contest. An historical pageant of the past, the present, and the future of the Y. M. M. I. A., setting forth its progress from the 10th of June, 1875, to the present, with the vision of its future, has been suggested, with many other attractions.

The *Improvement Era* contemplates devoting the June and July numbers largely to descriptive, historical, and literary matter pertaining to and originating in the great gathering. The occasion is designed to be a real display of the past, the present and the future of the wonderful work accomplished in the past fifty years and the vision of what lies in the future. In the exercises undoubtedly the history of its publications,—the *Amateur*, the *Contributor*, the *Improvement Era*—the various volumes of manuals and the reading courses, will receive consideration, as will also the subject of recreation and Boy Scout work, which are such great features at present of the organization. The program is now being considered and every effort is being made by the General Board to have a celebration worthy of the great occasion.

It is designed, in addition, that an appropriate program shall be suggested for the ward organizations of the Church, so that the members of each society may celebrate at home, simultaneously, in all the wards of the Church.—A.

Intellectual vs Manual Education

Have you read the story in this number, "Which Shall It Be?" You will probably disagree with it. Considering the effort and expense

devoted to our schools, the question at issue is one uppermost in many minds.

But, in answer to the argument of the story: It is the boy that counts, and the right and most suitable training makes the boy. Cigarettes, useless knowledge, devilment, idleness, sport, and incompetence connect with both ignorance and education, with both the college man and the self-educated. Extremes are dangerous, and misdirected education is evil. The universities should be left to pursue their classical courses for those who are especially fitted for intellectual leadership and the professions. Other schools might be established and devoted to the training of the hands for industrial work. There is little sense in teaching dead languages and other kindred studies to people who have rather need of understanding how to produce from the earth, and to manufacture valuable products. However, a certain amount of training for the mind as well as for the body is necessary for both classes. Every farmer, other laborer, and artisan, every office drudge, every job worker, should have a reasonable amount of intellectual education.

The day laborer as well as the college graduate should be generally well informed, but there is necessity for specialization and technical knowledge, according to choice of occupation. A blacksmith cannot devote his time to art any more than an artist can devote his time to blacksmithing; but there is no reason why the blacksmith should not know something about art and have enough general education to enjoy life, besides doing his chosen work acceptably. Nor is there any good reason why an artist should not know something about blacksmithing and still be an artist. But neither could take the place of the other in the highly specialized labors of today. There must be leaders in thought as well as in manual labor. The trouble is, our schools have been devoted mostly to intellectual development. Let us not destroy nor discourage the schools established for the training of the mind, but rather found schools for and devote more time to handicrafts; let us continue the universities where intellectual training is first and foremost, that leaders for the thinking of the world may be produced. It is not so much the fault of the schools, as the incompetence and the unavailability of some of the youth who attend the schools that should be diagnosed. We are trying to mould too many in the same mould, to their own detriment and frequently to the detriment of the community.

Our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ devoted his time and his attention, his sweat and his suffering, for the spiritual and social welfare of the people, and to communion with God. He did not remain at the carpenter's bench, his mission was greater. But knowing what it was to toil at the carpenter's bench he had sympathy with all laborers; and so, one must learn to have a deep feeling of tolerance for both manual and intellectual endeavor. All noble effort is com-

mendable: capital, ordinary labor, intellectual leadership, art, letters, industry of all kinds, are all necessary for the growth and advancement of the world of mankind; but it depends upon the individual, the boy, whether he is fitted for what he is put to, and whether he is going to make the best of his opportunities, in any line of work he may be given to do: It is the boy that counts, and his training should be adapted to his ability and aptitude.—A.

Gulls Destroy Grasshoppers

Mr. R. Scott Zimmerman, of the Agricultural College, sends the following clipping to the *Era*.

The article was printed in *The Survey*, Washington D. C., September 25, 1924. It will be interesting to our readers from the fact that the people of Utah are especially interested in the gulls. They have erected a monument in honor of these birds. It was built by the Latter-day Saints in memory of the time when the gulls protected the growing fields from the crickets in answer to the prayers of the Pioneers to the Lord to save their crops. The incident is no legend, it is a well attested fact. The *Survey* gives credit for the item in the following words:

The following items regarding gulls, which are protected at all times under the Migratory-Bird Treaty Act, is quoted from the *Gazette*, Billings, Montana, August 26, 1924:

Thousands of Birds do Valiant Work About Valier

According to P. F. LaValle, of the Valier-Montana Land and Water Company, sea gulls of a variety believed to be the Franklin gull are solving a problem in eradicating grasshoppers in Pondera county, which poison and other forms of preventives long since failed to do.

Flocks working in units of between 4,000 and 5,000 birds have done the job so nicely around Valier that farmers in that section look forward to a hopperless season next year, and there is now a movement on foot in that country aiming to protect the birds by State law and to give them the credit they deserve. Pondera county, like many others of the State, has suffered a great loss through the pest and, though poison has been used in great quantities, the desired effect was not obtained until the gulls came.

"During the last six or eight weeks great flocks have commenced to prey on the grasshoppers," says Mr. LaValle. "From my personal observation it would seem that they generally work in alfalfa fields immediately after the hay has been taken off, and usually move about from place to place in flocks of about 4,000 to 5,000. After working for a day or two on a field, depending upon its size, I have noticed that virtually all the grasshoppers are destroyed. On my own fields it so happened that the hoppers were very plentiful, although I had used poison quite freely. The land adjoining was vacant and because no poison was used there the pests were constantly flying into my fields, so that the time and expense of putting out poison was practically lost."

"A few weeks ago the gulls came, great clouds of them," says Mr. LaValle. "They stayed for two or three days and then moved on to conquer a new hopper army. Since that time not a hopper has been seen."

LaValle calls the birds "benefactors" and feels that they should be protected. He thinks they are the same which legend credits with saving

crops for the early "Mormon" settlers in Utah, where as a result gulls have been protected by law for many years.

This circumstance testifies that the saving of the crops of the "Mormon" pioneers, by gulls, is not so improbable as some doubters have supposed, and is a justification of history which some have deemed a wild and improbable story.—A.

Jesus the Christ

Jesus the Christ, the bright Star of the Morning,

News of his birth to all nations extend;

This earth and all worlds his light is adorning;

To his life-giving light there is no end.

Glory to God in the highest be given;

Singing his praise, our allegiance declare

To the King of kings, Royal Son of David,

We will adore him—the bright Morning Star.

A God in the flesh revealed unto mortals;

The sign of his birth was Bethlehem's star;

He was light of that star, shining that morning;

Star of great power, giving light near and far.

He came to this globe that he might redeem us;

Born of a Virgin to die on the earth;

Killed by vile men, but the grave could not hold him:

Redeeming our souls, from death we'll come forth.

God nailed to the cross and held in derision!

The Savior of men in hatred they slew.

Praying to God, He said: "Father, forgive them,

Surely, Father, they know not what they do."

He rose from the grave, to heaven ascended.

His Spirit he sends our souls to inspire,

With his life-giving light ever to lead us

Near to the throne of the bright Morning Star.

O give us light now, great Star of the Morning,

With brilliant rays give thy light near and far;

Give light to the souls that now sit in darkness;

Give light to all nations, bright Morning Star.

Granite, Utah.

DAVID ARCHIBALD.

Priesthood Quorums

The Melchizedek Priesthood

The subject, divided into 48 lessons, for 1925 is: "Doctrines of the Church": the text book: *A Study of the Articles of Faith*

LESSON 1: JOSEPH SMITH, A TRUE PROPHET

Text: Chapter 1.

The introductory paragraphs, pages 1-7, should be studied by the members individually, though but a small part of the class period is to be devoted thereto. The principal topics of the lesson subjects are to be covered, and incidental items, however interesting, should be passed with but brief comment.

Outstanding events in the life of Joseph Smith are to be considered; but the object of the lesson is that of demonstrating his divine calling as a true prophet of the Lord.

LESSON 2: THE HOLY TRINITY

Text: Chapter 2.

Give due attention to the evidence relating to the existence of God, but avoid extended discussion of infidelity and atheism. Members of Priesthood classes are neither infidels nor atheists. Emphasize the distinct personality of each member of the Holy Trinity, or Godhead. Study Appendix 2:11, beginning on page 465, relating to "The Father and the Son."

LESSON 3: MAN'S FREE AGENCY

Text: Chapter 3, pages 52-63

Make clear the fact that agency, or freedom in action, is inseparably associated with accountability. Distinguish between sin and the sinner—see Doctrine and Covenants 1:31-33, and compare Alma 45:16. Know that divine punishment is a natural and inevitable consequence of sin except as sin is atoned for through compliance with the conditions prescribed for forgiveness. Note that the scriptures clearly prove the personality of satan; and read the prediction of the modern fallacy that there is no devil. See 2 Nephi 28:22.

LESSON 4: THE FALL

Text: Chapter 3, pages 63-70.

Give due consideration to the all-important fact that our first parents in the garden of Eden were under commandment, but nevertheless had been given freedom, or agency, to obey or disobey. Compare Genesis 2:16, 17 with Moses 3:16, 17 and note the greater fulness of the latter scripture. Read Appendix 3, 4, page 474 in the text-book. As to the nature of the transgression in Eden, see reference given in Appendix 3:8 page 476. Study carefully the citations in the text showing the necessity of the banishment from Eden, so that Adam and Eve should be prevented from becoming immortal without opportunity for full repentance. Know that mortality is a blessing; see Appendix 3:5, page 475.

Study Texts for the Aaronic Priesthood, 1925

It has been decided by the First Presidency and the Presiding Bishopric that for the future the course of study for the deacons shall cover a period of two years; the course of study for the teachers, a period of two years;

and the course of study for the priests, a period of three years. As a rule, young men leave for the mission field between the ages of 18 and 20. To give them an opportunity for serving in each of the offices of the Lesser Priesthood, it is expected that, for the future, boys ought to be ordained to the office of deacon at about the age of 12 years, or as soon as they show, by their ability to serve and their knowledge of the gospel, that they are capable of performing the labors required in this office of the Priesthood.

As already made known, the course of study for the year 1925 for deacons is entitled, *Duty Stories from the Old Testament*. This course will outline in story form incidents in the lives of the prophets, followed by questions which should fix upon the mind of the boy the lesson it is hoped he will learn.

The course of study prepared for the teachers will be *The Life of Christ*, dealing with the subject in a manner interesting and helpful to boys called to labor in the office and calling of a teacher.

The course for the priests is entitled, *Missionary Themes*. These lessons are made up of quotations from the scriptures, each lesson dealing with one particular subject. Accompanying each will be a sermonette calling the attention of the priests to the manner in which the references may be used in a sermon. It is expected that at each class period a member of the priests' quorum will give to the class, or quorum members, a short address, using the references given in the lesson for that day's work. The whole purpose of these lessons is to lay a firm foundation for service, and to provide a means for proper training and development through service in the Church. The lessons will soon be in the hands of the publishers, and it is hoped will be ready to distribute before the beginning of the year. The price for each of these texts has not yet been announced. This information is given out by Bishop David A. Smith, of the Presiding Bishopric.

Motion Pictures

The following pictures were previewed by the M. I. A. Committee and are considered suitable for church ward entertainment:

Richard Lion Hearted, 8 reels, Wallace Beery. An excellent presentation of the character of Richard, against the background of the Crusades. This picture is a continuation of "Robin Hood."

Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall, 10 reels, Mary Pickford. This is Mary Pickford's latest picture, one of romance and thrills, with beautiful settings and picturesque background. This picture is to Mary Pickford what "Robin Hood" is to Douglas Fairbanks.

Exciting Night, 11 reels, Carol Dempster. A melo-drama of a hunt for one-half million dollars in haunted house where man has been murdered, with rescue by hero in storm. This is a mystery story with all the thrills and laughs one may desire.

Pots and Pans Peggy, 5 reels, all star. A comedy-drama, full of action and romance. It is a juvenile picture.

Bag and Baggage, 5 reels, all star. A romantic comedy-drama, contrasting the characters of two girls.

Old Kentucky Home, 7 reels. Melo-drama of Kentucky life.

The Prince and the Pauper, 6 reels. This is the story of a poor boy and a prince who change places. Juvenile picture. One of Mark Twain's stories.

Rupert of Hentzau, 9 reels. A romance in which Rupert tries to bring disgrace upon the queen of Ruritania, but finds his match in the man she loves.

Modern Matrimony, 6 reels. Owen Moore. This is an up-to-the-minute comedy drama of the installment plan of housekeeping.

Box Car Limited, 2 reels, Jimmy Abrey. This is a live, 2 reel, Jimmy Abrey comedy.

Mutual Work

Birth and Growth of "Mormonism," Pageantry and Tableau

The Denver Branch M. I. A. gave a successful presentation of "The Birth and Growth of 'Mormonism'" in a pageant, under the direction of Sister Jessie Whitaker. This story is a very beautiful one, and was made very real by the appropriate costumes, music, scenery, and carefully selected characters. Mr. Lorin Boswell, a Denver art student, assisted in the painting of new scenes of "old places" very fitting for the occasion. The theme of each setting is written in the form of a poem which was read by a "Prince Herald" just before the accompanying tableau was shown. After a short musical prologue, a brief history of the advent of Christ; the birth and growth of Christianity, and its decline during the dark ages, was given by the Herald. Then followed the first tableau; a very effective scene of the picture of "Joseph Smith's Prayer," showing the glorious answer to the supplication of a humble youth. Delicate lighting, and the soft strains of music made this scene very real and touching. The episode of the organization of the Church by the six original members, with Joseph Smith at its head, was next shown in dignity and impressiveness. Such attributes of the courageous pioneers as faith, purity, love, and justice, were personified by little children in Grecian costumes. Each one gave his little eulogy of his forefathers. The pioneers were shown crossing the plains, with their hand carts full of sacred relics. The Mormon Battalion, the Indian scares which ended in trades, the work of the patient pioneer mothers, the old camp fire scenes where a meeting which began with "Come, come, ye Saints" ended with a rousing Virginia Reel, were all uniquely, and realistically portrayed. Last of all, when all hardships were overcome, and the great distance was behind, Brigham Young showed, to an intensely interested audience, "This is the place." He stood upon a mound and stretched out his arm and designated the home of the children of Zion. The scene of the great lake, and its surrounding desert was shown; and Zion with her superior industries, and her progress in education was depicted as the concluding tableau.

A great portion of the success of this little production must be attributed to the able leaders of our M. I. A. Sister Minnie Knight, and her counselor, and also to the enthusiastic efforts of all the Saints in the Denver branch, who are doing all in their power to make this branch the most successful in any of the missions.—W. L. Hout, Pres. M. I. A. Denver Branch.

Enrollment and Teacher-Training

Only a very few stakes reported on possible enrollment for October, the reason given in most instances being, that there was no information at hand. This emphasizes the need of an immediate survey in which every eligible member of the Senior, Advanced Junior, and Junior classes should be listed, with a view of getting them enrolled in the Y. M. M. I. A. May we not have this done in all the stakes, and have it given in the January 10 report for December? Another item left blank in most of the reports for October was the average number of Y. M. M. I. A. officers who have attended Teacher-Training classes. Please fill in this information for the next report, also.

Y. M. M. I. A. Efficiency Report, October, 1924

STAKES	Membership	Class Work	Recreation	Scout Work	"M" Men	Slogan	"Era"	Fund	Monthly Stake and Ward Officers' Migs.	Ward Officers' Meetings	Total
Alpine	5	10	6	6	3	6	3	2	7	5	53
Benson	4	7	5	6	3	6	3	3	6	4	47
Box Elder	9	10	10	10	3	10	9	3	10	10	84
Cache	9	10	10	10	8	10	6	---	10	10	83
Cottonwood	7	10	9	10	9	10	4	4	9	9	81
Deseret	9	10	8	3	4	8	5	---	5	4	56
Emery	3	10	10	10	8	10	2	---	10	5	68
Granite	5	10	9	9	9	9	3	2	9	9	74
Grant	6	10	10	7	10	10	2	1	10	10	76
Hyrum	6	10	9	10	2	6	5	4	10	10	72
Jordan	4	6	8	4	5	9	6	2	9	9	62
Juab	9	8	7	5	6	7	6	3	9	10	70
Kanab	5	6	3	2	2	3	---	2	3	3	29
Liberty	7	10	10	10	10	10	5	3	10	10	85
Logan	8	10	10	10	8	10	8	3	10	7	84
Nebo	2	5	4	3	4	2	1	3	3	3	30
North Davis	6	10	8	8	6	10	7	2	10	8	75
North Sanpete	5	10	10	5	5	10	6	3	8	8	70
North Sevier	6	10	2	3	5	5	1	2	8	4	46
North Weber	8	10	7	7	4	8	5	10	10	8	77
Ogden	8	10	10	10	10	10	6	6	10	10	90
Oquirrh	8	7	10	4	6	10	9	---	10	10	74
St. George	10	10	8	4	5	8	3	3	5	6	62
Salt Lake	7	10	9	10	10	10	3	1	10	9	79
San Juan	9	8	10	10	3	10	5	---	5	10	70
Sevier	8	9	10	3	1	10	5	5	7	9	67
South Sanpete	6	10	10	6	6	10	7	1	10	10	76
Tintic	5	10	5	1	2	5	2	1	3	4	38
Uintah	5	10	5	1	0	5	3	0	5	3	37
Bear Lake	5	10	6	3	6	4	2	---	3	5	44
Boise	5	10	8	4	3	8	3	1	7	5	54
Burley	5	10	3	2	1	4	1	1	4	4	35
Cassia	10	10	10	4	---	10	6	6	8	10	74
Franklin	7	6	9	10	3	10	10	---	10	10	75
Fremont	9	10	10	6	5	8	4	3	10	10	75
Idaho	8	7	7	5	4	10	4	5	10	10	70
Lost River	10	8	5	5	4	5	6	2	5	3	53
Pocatello	7	7	8	10	8	8	5	5	8	8	74
Rigby	4	10	10	3	2	10	5	1	10	10	65
Shelley	4	10	4	2	3	4	3	3	3	3	39
Twin Falls	8	9	9	8	4	10	5	2	10	9	74
Alberta	4	5	4	3	2	5	4	2	5	3	37
Juarez	10	10	10	10	5	10	10	9	10	10	94
Lethbridge	10	10	10	7	8	10	10	5	10	10	90
Los Angeles	10	10	8	7	10	10	5	---	10	10	80
Snowflake	8	10	10	10	4	4	2	5	4	6	63
Star Valley	8	10	8	10	3	9	9	10	9	8	84
Woodruff	4	8	4	5	4	4	3	2	8	4	46
Young	7	10	2	---	2	5	2	---	4	4	36
Calif. Mission	4	10	7	2	5	9	7	4	2	7	57

Y. M. M. I. A. Statistical Report, October, 1924

STAKES	Should be Enrolled	No. Wards	No. Wards Reporting	Officers and Class Leaders' Enrollment	Ad. Senior Enrollment	Senior Enrollment	Ad. Junior Enrollment	Junior Enrollment	Total	Officers and Class Leaders' Attendance	Ad. Senior Attendance	Senior Attendance	Ad. Junior Attendance	Junior Attendance	Total
Alpine	949	18	12	106	79	117	9	208	519	88	55	76	8	159	386
Benson	758	13	8	69	48	67	35	106	325	47	30	42	18	65	202
Box Elder	756	13	13	98	229	112	40	189	668	86	138	77	24	135	460
Ceche	520	8	8	80	50	150		200	480	60	30	125		150	365
Cottonwood	672	10	10	90	53	139		191	473	79	39	105		145	368
Deeriet	418	12	9	69	111	71		124	375	53	77	48		69	247
Emery	555	11	3	27	17	33		68	145	21	15	30		66	132
Granite	900	9	8	76	44	148	89	169	526	69	38	137	80	145	469
Grant	973	11	9	96	74	117	43	214	544	71	54	88	38	171	422
Hyrum	500	10	7	59	86	65		80	290	39	64	51		64	218
Jordan	1064	16	10	101	96	89		145	431	62	51	51		107	271
Juab	342	5	5	51	86	84	28	86	335	40	54	37		72	203
Kanab	222	6	2	15	28	44		22	109	9	23	13		24	69
Liberty	1230	12	12	118	176	201		294	789	100	112	147		232	591
Logan	608	11	10	105	77	115		178	475	79	56	94		106	335
Nebo	972	15	6	46	58	66		82	252	32	31	40		71	174
North Davis	519	7	6	61	50	73		88	272	50	32	45		65	192
North Sanpete	654	9	8	63	49	94	19	96	321	53	32	51	19	96	251
North Sevier	250	6	4	23	43	38	24	16	144	14	35	23	18	11	101
North Weber	713	17	15	106	77	167		223	573	86	51	100		155	392
Ogden	789	10	10	89	140	202		231	662	81	73	131		169	454
Oquirrh	420	5	5	52	60	72	33	116	333	46	49	50	26	76	247
St. George	600	15	13	110	147	160	52	146	615	89	100	110	48	96	443
Salt Lake	1063	12	12	132	120	129	66	251	698	116	95	104	62	210	587
San Juan	150	4	3	25	31	23	34	21	134	17	33	22	18	29	119
Sevier	353	6	6	53	42	54	9	94	252	38	33	32	9	64	176
South Sanpete	468	7	7	59	53	79	25	74	290	50	31	60	18	47	206
Tintic	247	5	5	33	33	24	4	34	128	23	26	14	4	34	101
Uintah	387	9	5	35	24	42	5	54	160	31	24	42	5	49	154
Bear Lake	302	12	8	48	52	44	76		220	38	36	28	44		146
Boise	358	8	6	46	49	29	19	44	187	36	36	22	16	35	145
Burley	322	9	4	33	47	34		42	156	26	33	22		29	110
Cassia	168	5	5	38	48	22	16	53	177	27	41	16	15	37	136
Franklin	440	11	8	83	88	80		100	351	49	61	44		50	204
Fremont	687	13	13	118	144	140	81	135	618	92	103	103	59	102	459
Idaho	211	9	5	39	57	23		41	160	26	36	5		22	89
Lost River	120	4	3	35	26	33		31	125	20	12	18		15	65
Pocatello	473	10	8	77	77	89	21	84	348	68	55	58	19	54	254
Rigby	500	13	6	45	33	50	8	52	188	39	24	38	6	41	148
Shelley	335	9	4	37	41	23		40	141	28	34	17	28	28	135
Twin Falls	194	7	5	36	55	25		35	151	30	43	25		35	133
Alberta	346	11	5	42	33	52	25	62	214	32	22	36	17	45	152
Juarez	115	5	5	25	49	50	15	47	186	20	38	45		40	143
Lethbridge	223	9	4	70	121	43	73	87	394	50	90	25	42	57	264
Los Angeles	400	14	14	112	140	235		175	662	90	125	195		150	560
Snowflake	280	9	5	31	50	15	19	56	171	24	43	11	13	45	136
Star Valley	360	11	9	88	52	63		109	312	62	26	47		87	222
Woodruff	435	8	3	30	55	46		50	181	25	45	35		38	143
Young	102	4	2	16	23	16		24	79	12	13	14		15	54
Calif. Mission	794	34	12	92	116	80		51	339	86	89	78		51	304

Note—Some stakes did not segregate the Juniors and Advanced Juniors, in which case all are counted in the Junior enrollment. This year 49 stakes and one mission reported for October as against 40 stakes for 1923. The number of wards reporting is 353 as against 271 for 1923, besides 12 mission branches in California.

Passing Events

The German bond issue was placed on the New York market Oct. 14, America's share is \$110,000,000. It was oversubscribed in 12 minutes.

France recognized Soviet Russia, and the Russian government, on Oct. 29, 1924, and agreed to send a delegation to Paris to conclude the negotiations. The attitude of the United States is unchanged.

Lew Dockstader, the famous minstrel, died, Oct. 26, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Warren Palmer, New York, 68 years of age. The cause of death was a bone tumor in the leg, the result of a fall two years ago.

The Mexican Consulates in Great Britain were closed Oct. 31, by order of the Mexican government. That marked the severance of the last diplomatic tie between the two governments. The action was the result of the break-down of the attempt to re-establish official relations.

John H. Coombs, principal of east high school, Salt Lake City, died, Nov. 2, 1924, at his home in Salt Lake City, after an illness of three weeks. Death was caused by a blood clot, impeding circulation. He was 48 years old and has been connected with the schools for 23 years.

The war on the Chinese government at Peking was officially ended, Oct. 24, by a proclamation issued at Mukden by Chang Tsao-Lin. The proclamation stated that President Tsao-Kun had taken refuge in the legation quarter, and that his forces under Wei Pei-Fu were in full flight.

Mr. George H. Dern was elected governor of Utah on Nov 4. He was the choice of the Democratic party. Except the Governor the rest of the Republican ticket was elected. The legislature is Republican. In the senate there is one Democrat. In the house there will be seven Democrats.

Senator Frank B. Brandegee was found dead in his bathroom in Washington, Oct. 14, 1924. An opened gas pipe from which the gas was flowing indicated suicide. He was 60 years old. For 20 years he has been a dominant figure in the affairs of his party, as a representative of Connecticut in the U. S. Senate.

Lafayette documents to the number of 300 are to be turned over to United States museums. They were discovered in the collection of a family, and sold last year at Auvergne. They have never been published. It is expected that some of them will shed additional light on the American struggle for independence.

The retirement of Jules Jusserand as French ambassador to the United States was announced Oct. 18, in Paris dispatches. Emile Duschner was mentioned as his successor. Mr. Jusserand has held his position in Washington since 1902. He has reached the age at which French diplomats are released from the public service.

Six Utah hospitals met all requirements of the American College of Surgeons, according to a report published Oct. 20. They are Dr. W. H. Groves Latter-day Saints hospital; the Holy Cross, St. Marks and Salt Lake County hospital, Salt Lake; Thomas D. Dee Memorial hospital in Ogden and the Utah-Idaho hospital, Logan.

A protest against religion in schools is embodied in a resolution passed, Oct. 26, by Congregationalists, in conference assembled in the First Congregational church, Salt Lake City. "We do protest," they say, "against the use of the public school buildings for religious services of any sort,

and against children being taught any form of theology during the school hours of any school day."

Elizabeth Jane Norman Empey died Nov. 2, at her home in Ogden, of apoplexy. She was born in England, Nov. 29 1853, and came to the United States in Nov., 1881. She was a Relief society worker for many years. Besides her husband, Alfred Empey, who is 84 years of age, she is survived by two sons, three daughters, a sister, Mrs. George Chapple of Ogden, thirty-one grandchildren and twelve great-grandchildren.

Clouds are dispersed by being bombarded with electrically treated sand, says a Washington dispatch, Oct. 29. The experiment was carried out from two aeroplanes at Bolling field, at an altitude of 13,000 feet, in the presence of numerous spectators. The dispersion of fogs by artificial means, if it can be done, would be of immense value on many occasions both on land and at sea.

Six reclamation projects have been approved by committees that have reported to the interior department, as seen from a published statement, Oct. 13. Among these is the Salt Lake basin project in which 110,000 acres will be directly benefitted. It is stated that mixed crops should yield from \$50 to \$80 per acre a year. The lands to be irrigated are already colonized and settled on small farms.

Modern youth rejects many of the historical accounts of the Bible, and also its doctrines, and this, according to Dr. Charles W. Eliot, president emeritus of Harvard University, is "one of the most cheerful signs." He is quoted as follows: "The happiest age the world has ever known" does not believe in the creation or the garden of Eden. This from a lecture on religious concepts at Cambridge, Mass., Oct. 13.

A fragment of the Gospel of Matthew was found recently, according to a London dispatch Nov. 12, in the British Museum. It is a papyrus, believed to date from A. D. 300, on which more than 30 verses of the 26th chapter of Matthew are written. In the 28th verse, where the English translation has, "This is my blood of the New Testament," the word "new" is omitted. Otherwise the text is said to be substantially as we have it.

The annual meeting of the Utah Educational Association convened, Oct. 23, at the Tabernacle, Salt Lake City. Henry Peterson, of the Utah Agricultural college, Logan, delivered the president's address. Other speakers were, Governor Mabey, and Dr. Frank B. Cooper. At the second day's session, J. T. Worlton, assistant superintendent of the Salt Lake City schools, was elected president, and D. W. Parratt, superintendent of the Granite school district, vice president.

Emma Goldman attended a banquet in London, Nov. 12, on which occasion she said, she had been approached by representatives of the American government with the question whether she would return to the United States on certain conditions. She added, "They do not know Emma Goldman. If I go back to the United States, I will demand that all political deportees have a right to return there. If I ever go back it will be on my own terms."

Leonora Cannon Gardner died, Oct. 11, 1924, in Pine Valley, Washington Co., Utah. She was a sister of the late Presidents George Q. Cannon and Angus M. Cannon and came to Utah in 1849. She was born in Liverpool, England, in 1840, and came to America in 1842. Her mother died and was buried in the Atlantic ocean and her father died two years later, leaving her an orphan in Nauvoo at the age of 4. Surviving are a brother, David H. Cannon, of St. George, three sons and three daughters, and many grandchildren.

Former U. S. Senator Cornelius Cole died, Nov. 3, at Los Angeles, 102 years and two months old. He had a touch of pneumonia and heart disease, but old age was the chief cause of his death. During the Civil War he occupied a seat in the house of congress, and in 1866 he was sent to the U. S. senate, where he served until 1873. In 1922 he made a trip east and received the degree of doctor of laws from the Wesleyan College, 75 years after he graduated. He was born at Lodi, N. Y., Sept. 17, 1822, but has lived in California since he was 27 years of age.

Senator Reed Smoot was appointed an elector of the Hall of Fame, Nov. 11, and will take a special interest in the 6th election next year. The Hall of Fame was originated in 1900, when the University of New York received a donation of \$250,000 for that purpose. By the provision of the donor, 150 panels were to be provided for memorial bronze tablets in honor of American celebrities. Fifty could be selected at once, and thereafter there was to be a selection of not more than five every five years. Sixty-three have thus far been honored. Next year will be the sixth quinquennial election.

The McDonald government was overwhelmingly defeated in the parliamentary elections, Oct. 29, and the Conservative party received a large working majority. It is evident that fear of Bolshevist influence rallied the English voters around the Conservative standard. Bolshevist proclamations, calling upon the laborers to revolt against the government are said to have appeared both in England and Germany. The Conservatives have more than 400 members of a total of 615 in the Commons. The Laborers have 149, the Liberals, 40, the Independents 4; cooperatives 5; Constitutionalists 3; and Communists 1.

H. H. Kohlsaat, famous newspaper editor, died, Oct. 17, stricken with paralysis, at the home of Secretary Hoover, Washington, where he was visiting. He was 71 years old. Mr. Kohlsaat came to Washington about ten days prior to attend the world series baseball games as the guest of Commissioner Landis. In a statement announcing his death, Secretary Hoover said he had seemed tired and had consented to remain at his home for a rest. A severe headache developed Sunday and was followed by a stroke. Mr. Hoover recalled that the deceased had been a "valued friend of every president since McKinley."

The Shenandoah arrived at Lakehurst, N. Y., Oct. 26, having successfully completed a journey of 9,000 miles. The Shenandoah cast off the mooring at Lakehurst and started its long cruise at 10 a. m. Oct. 7. At 11 o'clock Oct. 26, 445 hours had passed since the start. In that time the Shenandoah had been flying with its engines running for 257 hours and 35 minutes and moored to a mast for 187 hours and 22 minutes. The latter includes five days, or 120 hours, that the ship was being repaired. The actual flying time between cities, deducting the time taken in locating the mooring masts through the fogs, was 235 hours and 11 minutes.

The resignation of Dr. Harry E. Fosdick was accepted by the congregation, as a meeting held Oct. 22. On the preceding Sunday he preached his farewell sermon in the Fifth Ave. Presbyterian church, where he has held forth for five years, without being a member of the church. The house was crowded. Among the strange things he said on that occasion, as quoted was the following: "Oftentimes you will find a spirit of Satan in the churches and the spirit of Jesus outside * * * but I can hear Paul say * * * 'you are right about the churches; they may be even worse than you describe, but let thou remain in the church.' That is the right spirit."

To change quicksilver into gold will be attempted under the direction of Prof. H. H. Sheldon of the New York University, according to an announcement made by the Scientific American. The experiments will take from two or three months. The possibility of such transformation was discovered some time ago by Prof. Adolph Miethe in Berlin, by accident. Using a quartz lamp and quicksilver vapor, he was seeking to determine the effect of violet electric rays upon the vapor. After 200 hours of operation, his apparatus became clogged. He took it apart and discovered its tubes were choked with pure gold. A repetition of the experiment gave the same result. It will now be tried in this country.

Secretary of Agriculture Henry C. Wallace died Oct. 26 at the naval hospital in Washington of toxemia poisoning, after an operation for sciatica. He was born at Rock Island, Ill., May 11, 1866, and was graduated from the Iowa state college of agriculture and mechanic arts in 1892. Before entering the institution and while studying he was engaged in the breeding of purebred stock in Adair county. From 1893 to 1895 Mr. Wallace was professor of dairying at the state college and at the same time editor of the *Creamery Gazette* and *Farm and Dairy*. He was manager and associate editor of *Wallace's Farmer*, from 1895 to 1916 and from then until he entered the cabinet served as editor of the publication.

William C. Spence, transportation agent of the Church, retired, Oct. 31, 1924, from that position after a faithful and efficient service which has extended over a period of 52 years. Born in London, he came to this country in 1864, having crossed the plains with ox team. Eight years later, in 1872, he entered the President's office. President Brigham Young was then at the head of the Church. Brother Spence has, it is said, written more than twenty thick volumes containing copies of letters, many of them written by hand before the days of the typewriters. As transportation agent Mr. Spence has made innumerable friends, both at home and abroad, and the many missionaries who, through all these years, have had the benefit of his assistance will always remember him as a congenial and helpful friend.

Archaeological research in Nevada is being carried on by M. C. Harrington, representing the museum of the American Indian, Heye Foundation, N. Y., and Captain Alan LeBaron, a British archaeologist, who are exploring ancient ruins and examining rock writings and fossils near Beatty, Indian Springs and Forty-mile canyon. Mr. Harrington says: "Nevada is the real background of antiquity and an archaeologist's paradise;" and LeBaron, still more enthusiastic, says: He once believed that the beginning of the human race was in his native land, the far east, but after twelve years in America he is now convinced that Nevada is the "cradle of civilization." "And," he added, "I can prove it."

From Beatty, Nev., the find of ancient Pueblo cities was reported Oct. 26, by a party composed of M. R. Harrington, Colonel Thomas Miller and Mr. C. E. Miller. A number of mummies and skeletons were found.

President Calvin Coolidge will be the next president of the United States, with General Charles G. Dawes as vice president, as a result of the presidential election, Nov. 4. It is estimated that he will have 382 electoral votes to 136 for Davis and 13 for La Follette. The estimate of the popular vote on Nov. 6 was 18,000,000 for Coolidge, 8,000,000, for Davis and 4,000,000 for La Follette. Here, as in the recent election in Great Britain, the conservative and liberal voters in the two main parties united on the Republican nominees against the third party candidate.

In Wyoming Mrs. Nellie Taylor Ross, widow of the late Governor Ross, was elected "governor" on the Democratic ticket. In Texas, too, a woman, "Ma" Ferguson, wife of former Governor Ferguson, who was

defeated in a conflict with the K. K. Klan, was the successful candidate of the Democrats. These are, undoubtedly the first two women to hold the position of state governors in the United States. The house of representatives is Republican. Of the 435 members 246 are classed as Republicans, 183 as Democrats, 3 Farmer-Labor, 2 Socialists and 1 in doubt. In the Senate there will be 55 Republicans, 40 Democrats and 1 Farmer-Laborite.

Senator Henry Cabot Lodge passed away at the Charles Gate hospital, Cambridge, Mass., Nov 9, at the age of 74 years. The illness, it is said, was similar to that of President Woodrow Wilson, and the stroke which he suffered on Nov. 5 was much the same. On July 27 the condition of his health was such that an emergency operation was thought necessary. He recovered quickly, and three months later a second operation was performed. Again he seemed to recover completely, and he planned to leave the hospital and get ready for congress. Henry Cabot Lodge had served continuously in the United States senate since 1893, as Republican leader since August, 1918, and was one of the most prominent members of his party for a generation. Statesman, publicist, author, lawyer and historian, Mr. Lodge's manifold activities made a wide impression on contemporaneous events. Chief prominence, perhaps, came to him as leader of the senate opposition to the league of nations and the treaty of Versailles during 1918, 1919 and 1920. As chairman of the senate foreign relations committee and Republican floor leader, he led the contest with former President Wilson in the fight against ratification. He was the author of the "Lodge reservations" and was credited with a large part in moulding the policy of the Harding administration against American entrance into the league.

Richard Dye died, Sept. 28, 1924, at Riverdale, Weber co., following a few days' illness. He was born in Herefordshire, England, Jan. 2, 1832, the son of Thomas and Sarah Gower Dye. With his parents, he became a member of the Church in 1852, and left England with his brother, Samuel Dye, who died in Ogden a few months ago, the same year. Mr. Dye first settled in Massachusetts, where, for two years, he presided over the Charleston conference of the Church. He left Boston in 1858 and crossed the plains by ox team. Upon his arrival in Utah late in 1858, Mr. Dye settled in Salt Lake, where he lived for two years, and then came to Riverdale, in Weber county, where he was among the first settlers. Mr. Dye was a man of considerable talent. Being a musician, he was leader of the Riverdale ward choir for forty years, was superintendent of the ward Sunday school for thirty years, president of the seventy-sixth quorum of seventies for seven years, and at the time of his death was a high priest in Weber stake.

In 1859 he married Mary Malden Peek, who still is living. The following children survive: Richard T. Dye, Preston, Idaho; William M. Dye, Joseph H. Dye, James Dye, and Walter Dye, of Firth, Idaho; Samuel G. Dye, Ogden, and Mrs. Walter Jarrell, Creston, Utah. Fifty grandchildren and forty-four great-grandchildren are living.

President Heber J. Grant, with wife and niece, Mrs. Helen Winters, arrived home, Nov. 8, from a three weeks' trip to the east. During his absence, President Grant visited Indianapolis, where he was entertained by Henry Warrum, a brother of Noble Warrum, also held meeting with the Saints there. The following Sunday he attended a conference at Minneapolis, where the Saints have just completed a very creditable meetinghouse, which costing about \$15,000 was dedicated by the president. The Saturday night previous to the quarterly conference, a meeting was held in the L. D. S. chapel at St. Paul. During the week President Grant visited Detroit and held a meeting Wednesday night with the Saints there. He also visited the Maxwell automobile factory. The following Sunday he attended the Milwaukee conference.

While in Chicago, the president went through the plant where the Bell telephones are made, and was advised they have sometimes as many as 40,000 employees in this one plant. The other plant in New Jersey sometimes has as many as 25,000 employees. He said he was astonished to learn there are fifteen and a fraction million automobiles in the United States and about one hundred thousand less telephones than automobiles. In all the above places and in Chicago, President Grant held meetings with the missionaries. They were all in good health and enjoying their labors.

The Associated Newspapers, the *Beobachter*, the *Nederlander*, the *Bikuben* and the *Utah Posten*, published under the auspices of the Church in Salt Lake City, issued an enlarged conference edition, of 10,000 copies immediately before the October conference. The edition contained a very good picture of the First Presidency, and a special presidential message to all foreign-born members of the Church; also a gem of an article by Dr. John A. Widtsoe; a brief historical sketch of the First Presidency; a lengthy review of Utah's Resources, by the business manager, Mr. Adam L. Petersen, and a number of articles on various subjects. The special edition has been well received both at home and abroad in the various missions. The president of the Swedish mission, Elder Hugo D. E. Peterson, speaking of the *Utah Posten* generally, has this to say in *Nordstjarnan*: "The paper is not large, as compared with the larger and older colleagues, especially those published in the eastern states of America, but, as to its contents, it is worth infinitely more. It is the quality of a paper and not its quantity that must be considered." And that expresses fairly well the estimate in which the Associated papers are held by those who read them. In this connection it may be stated that the Church authorities are issuing circular letters calling attention of stake presidents and bishops, to these papers and also to the religious meetings for the benefit of foreign-born Church members in every stake where necessary. The papers and meetings are under the supervision of a committee consisting of Dr. John A. Widtsoe, chairman; President Rulon S. Wells, vice chairman; Bishop John Wells, President Nephi L. Morris, and Elder Serge F. Ballif, with Elder Franklin S. Davis as secretary.

To My Wife

She toils by my side through the daylight hours,
 She rests by my side through the night.
 She like the radiant June-kissed flowers
 Contributes to make my grey world bright.
 There's a bright, bright gleam in her merry eyes
 That tells me there's joy in her heart;
 And all too quickly for her, time flies,
 For she with the day's loath to part.

What would a winter evening mean
 At home in the firelight's gloom,
 If she did not grace the humble scene,
 Casting her halloed spell o'er the room.
 Oh, may that happy light in her eyes
 Still burn at the even of life!
 God, how I trust that no shadows arise
 To mar the pure love that I bear her—my wife.

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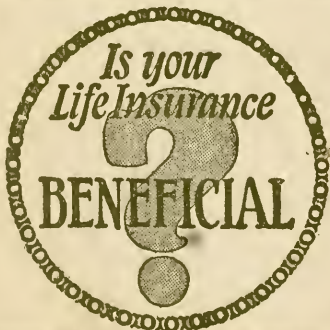
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